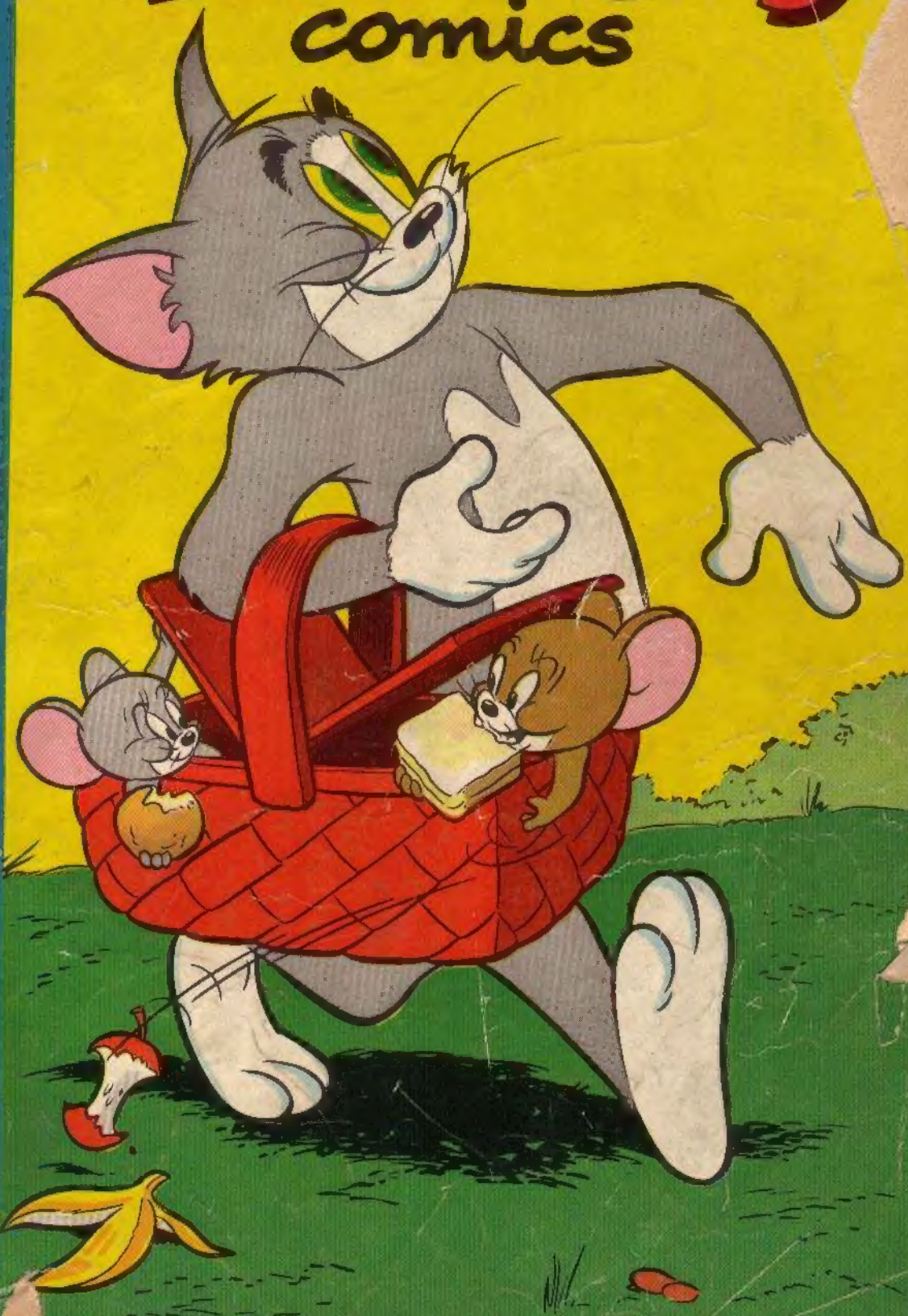


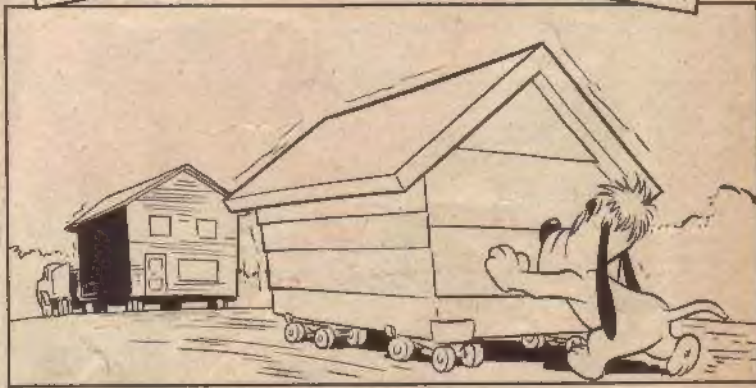
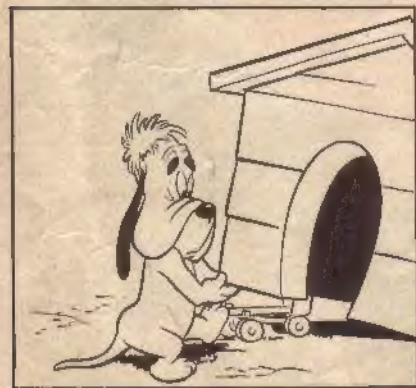
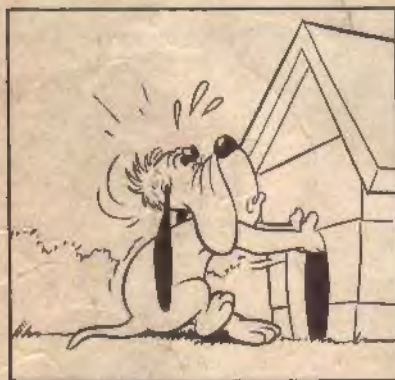
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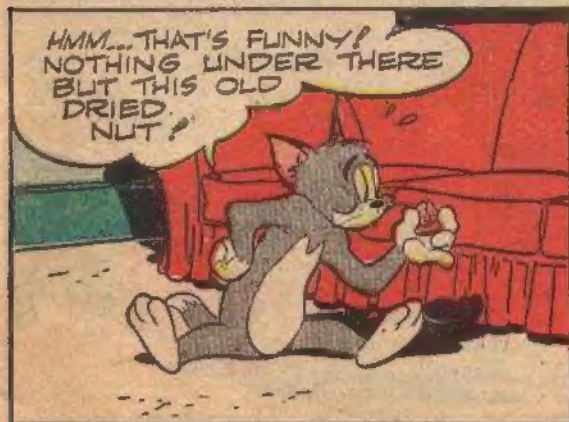
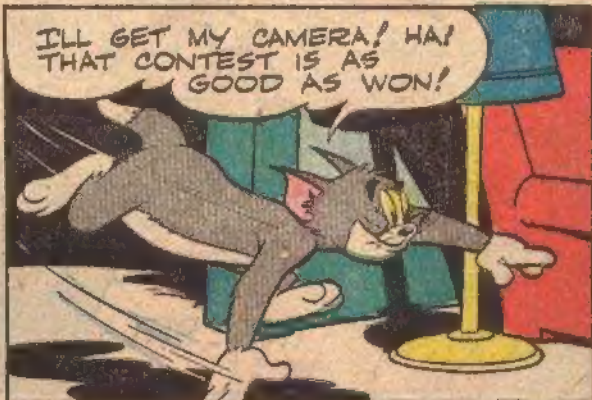
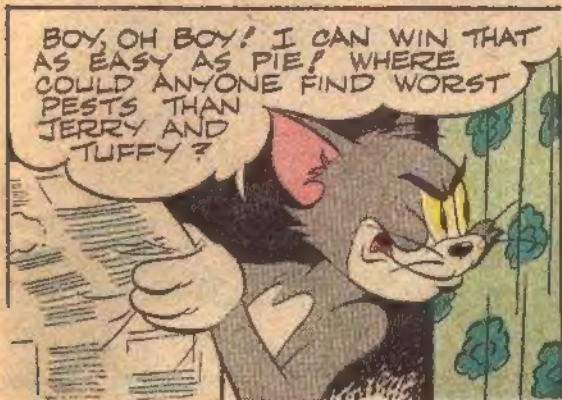


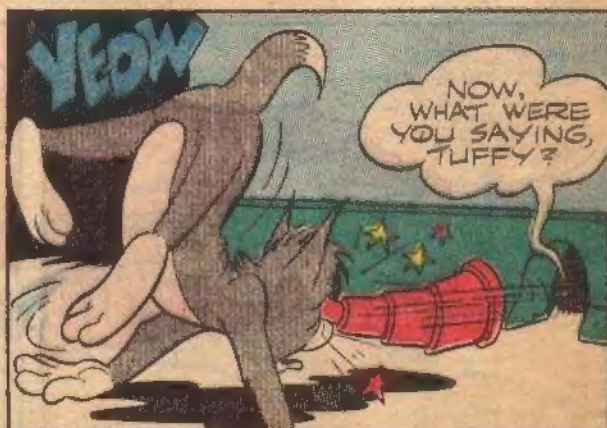
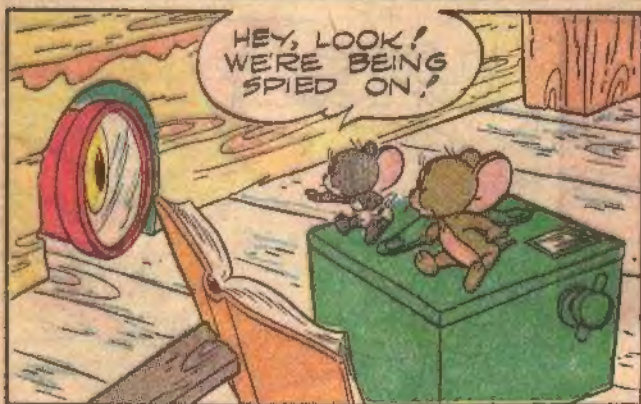
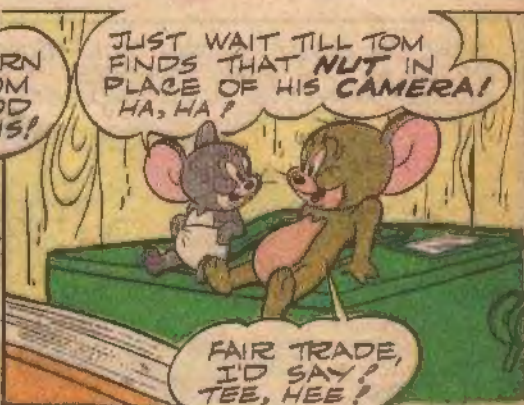
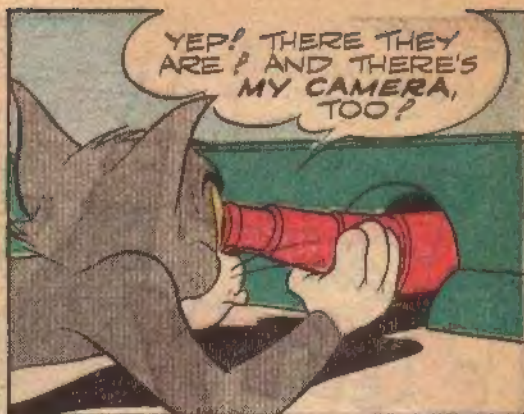
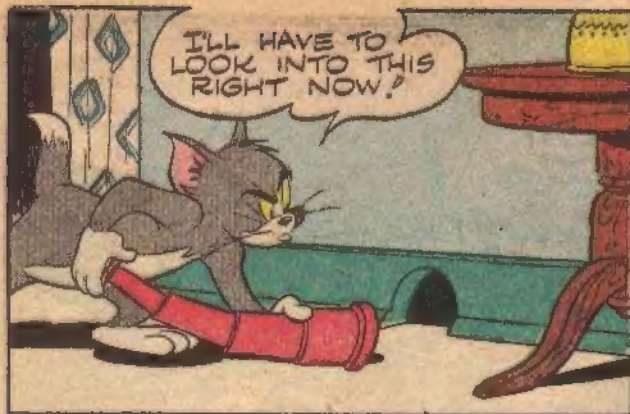
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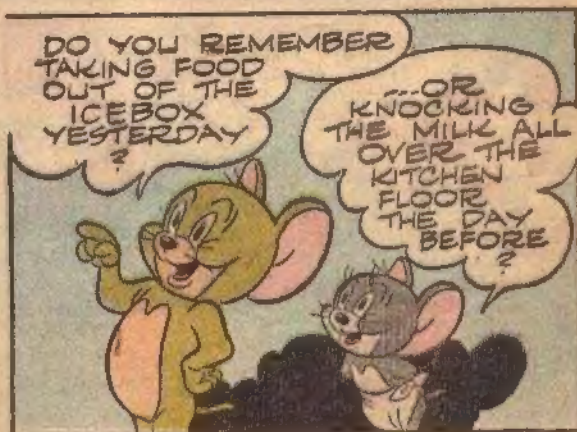
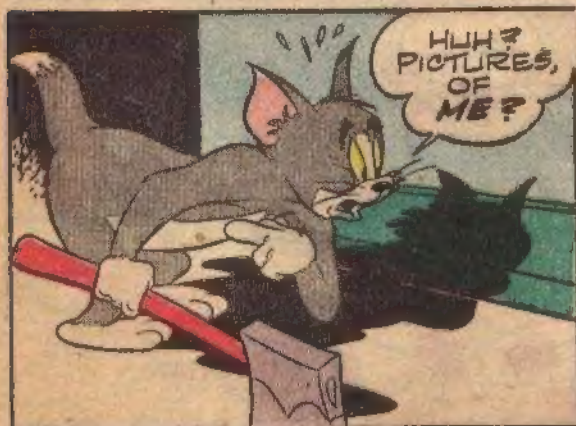
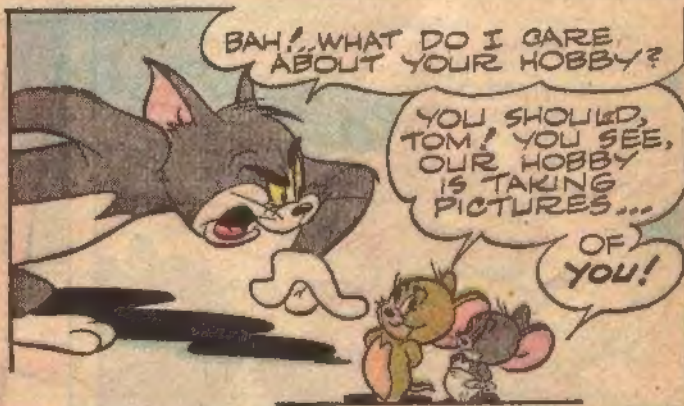
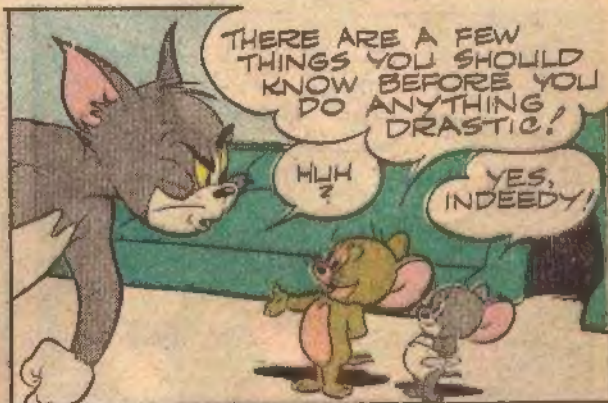
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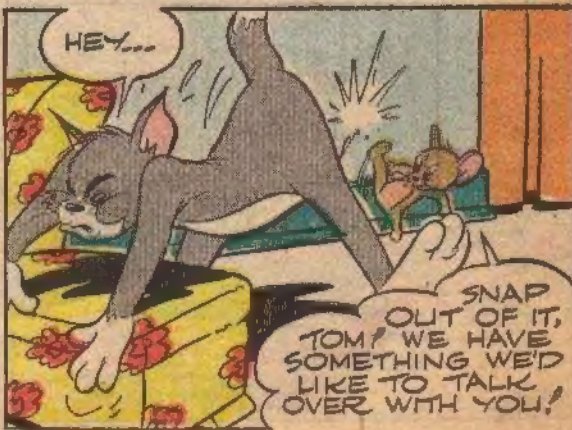
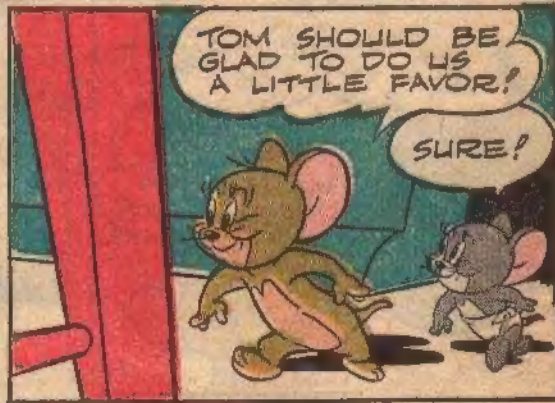
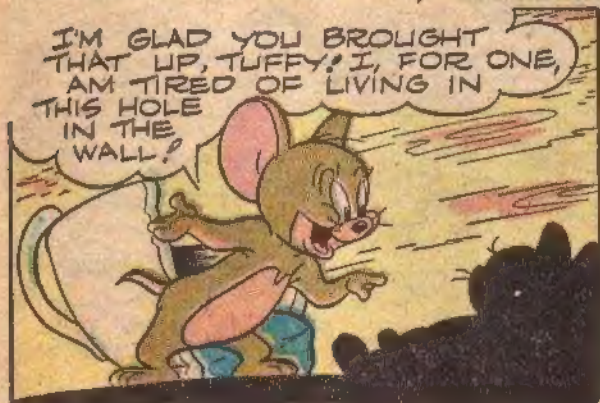
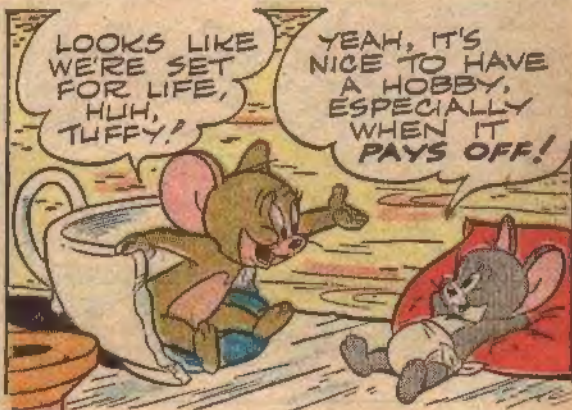
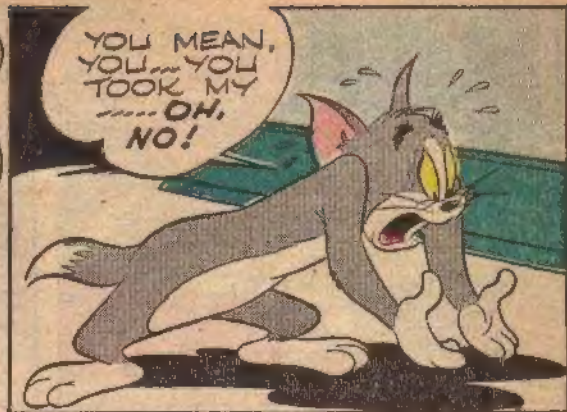
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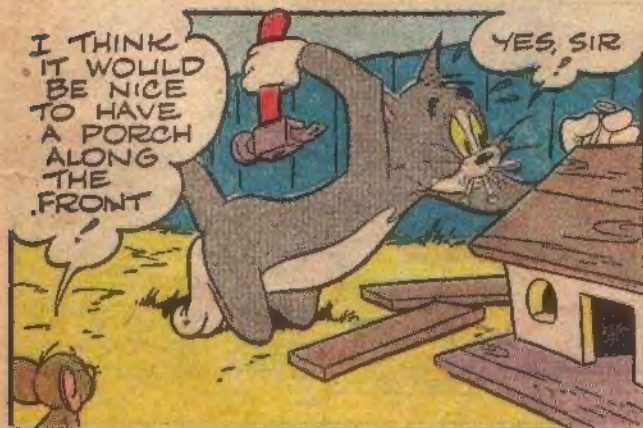
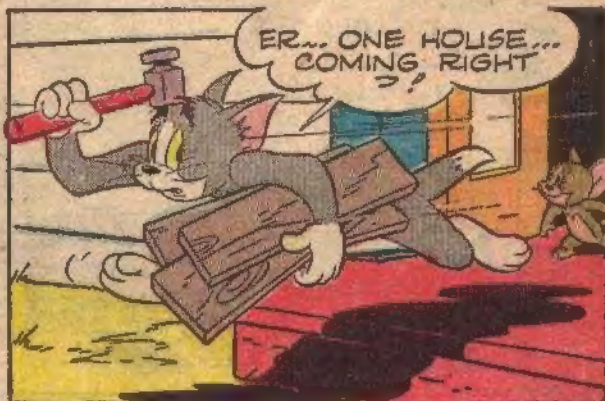
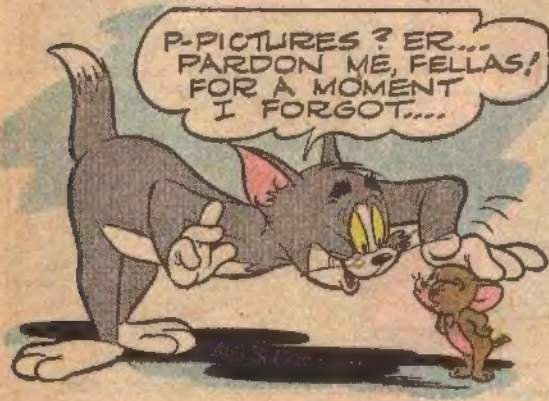
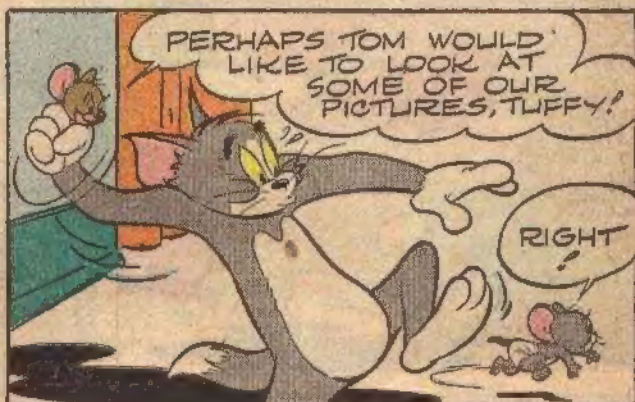
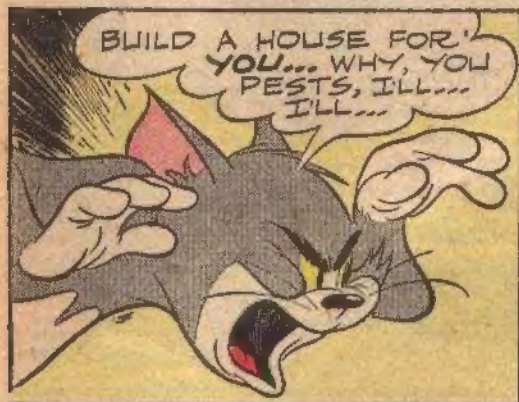
Tom and Jerry

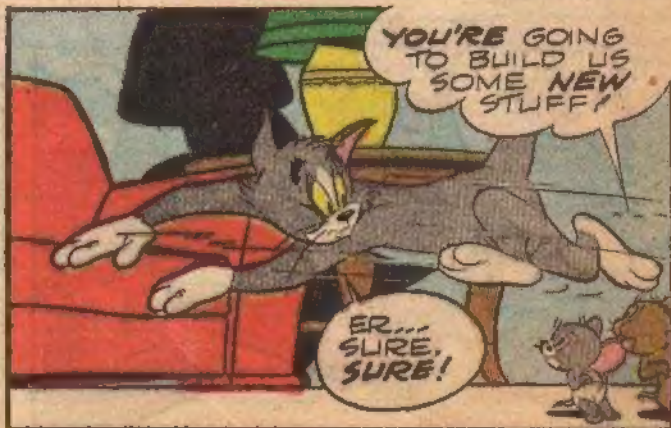
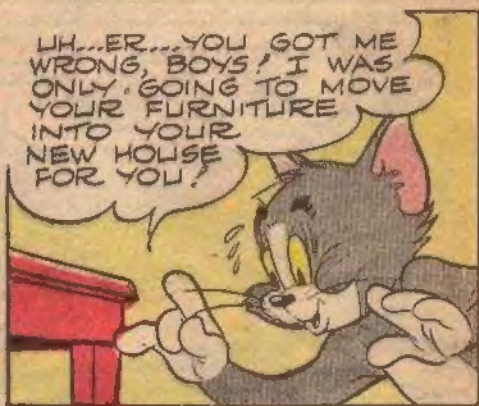
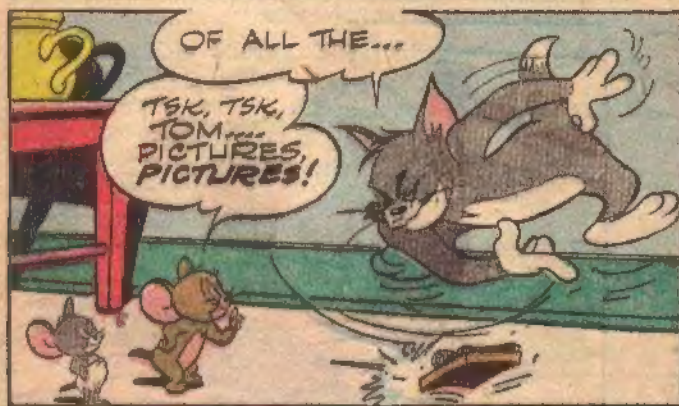
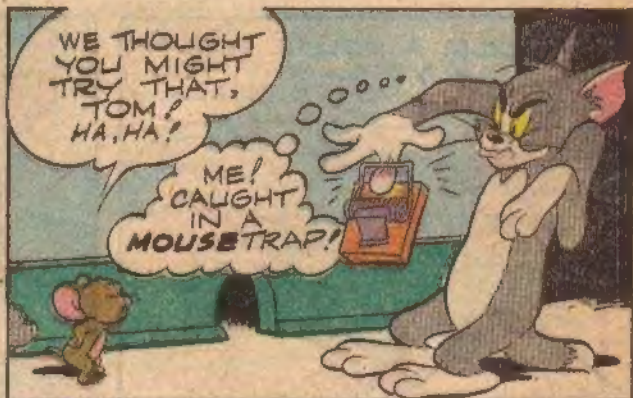
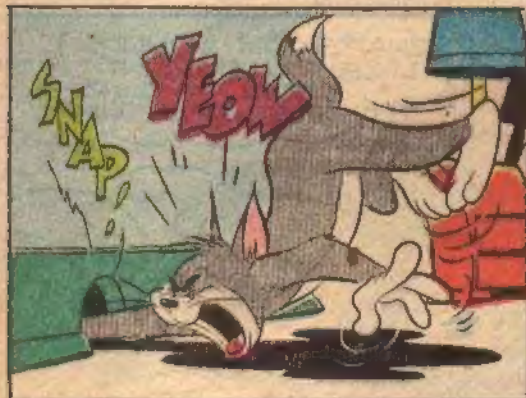
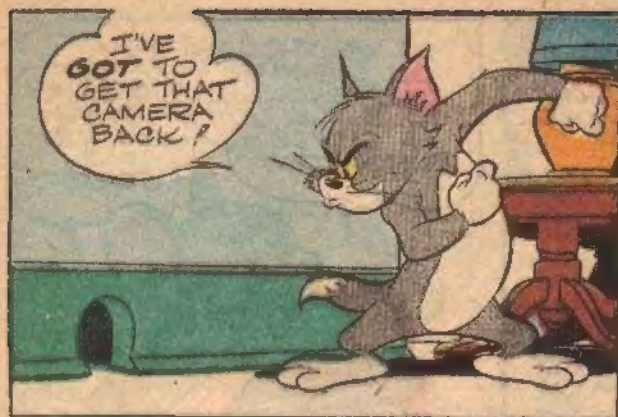


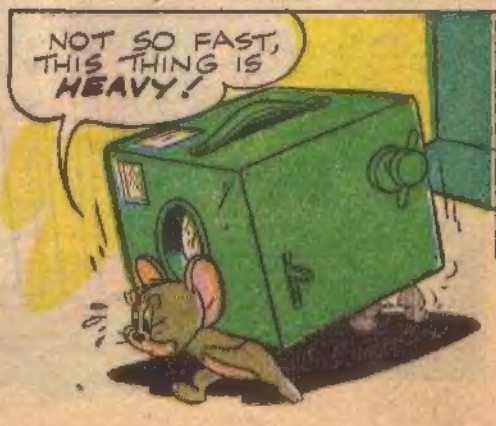
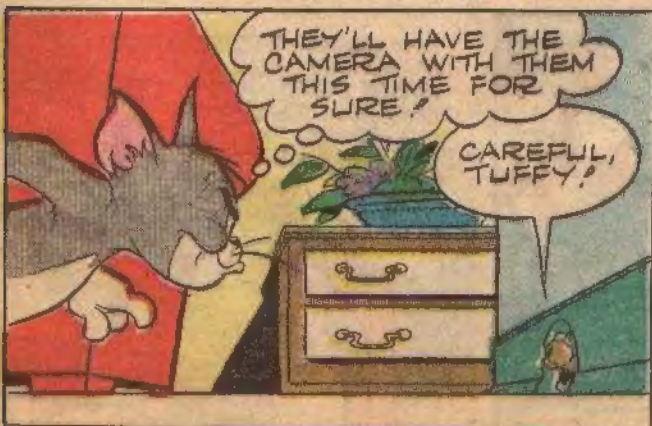
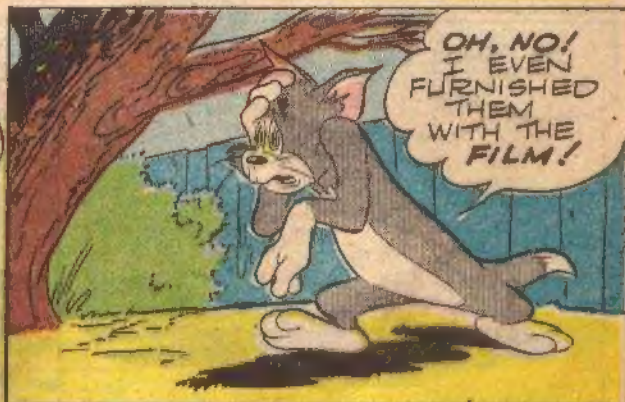
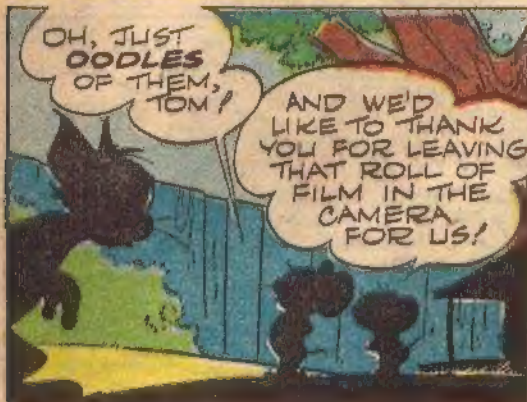
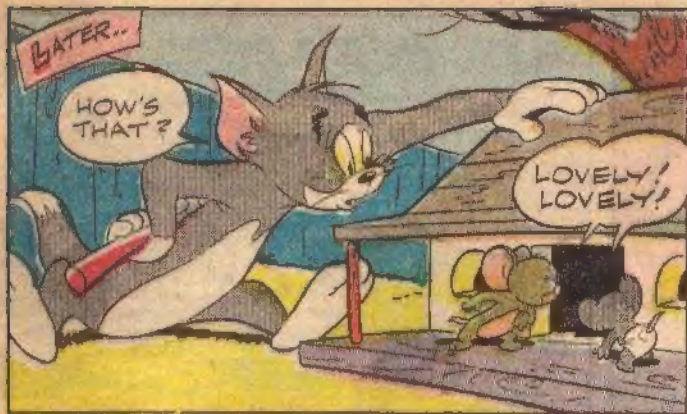


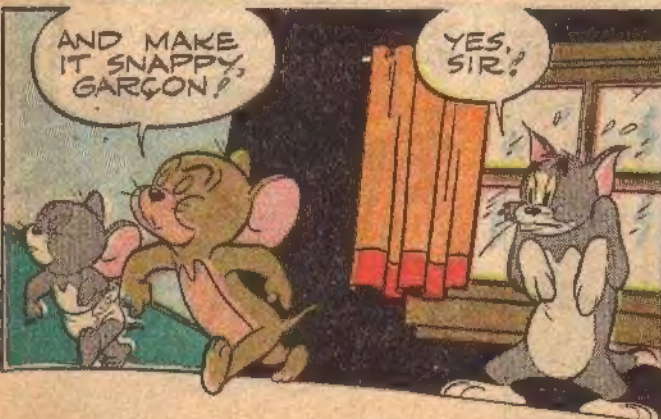
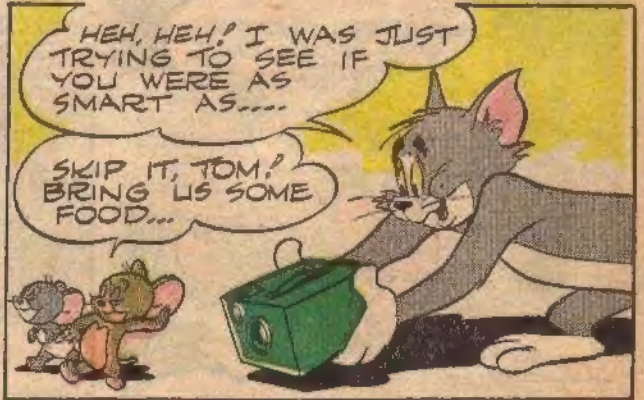
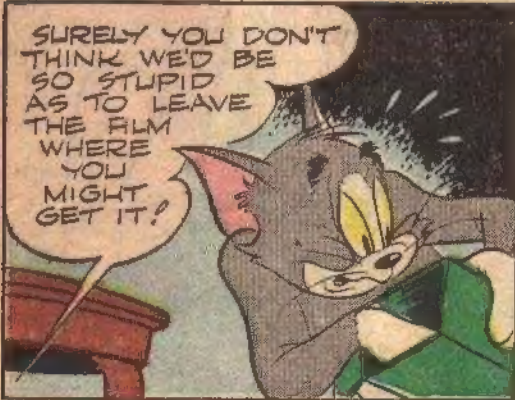
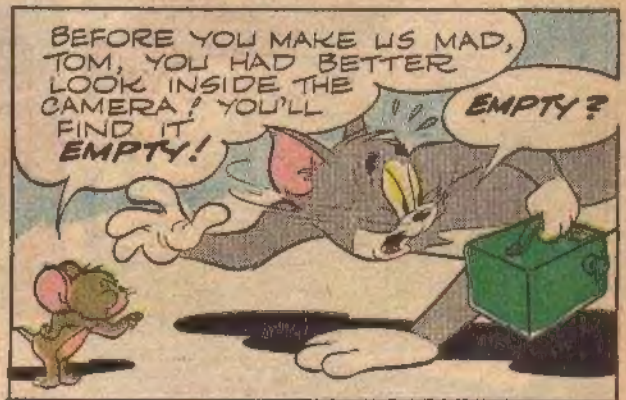
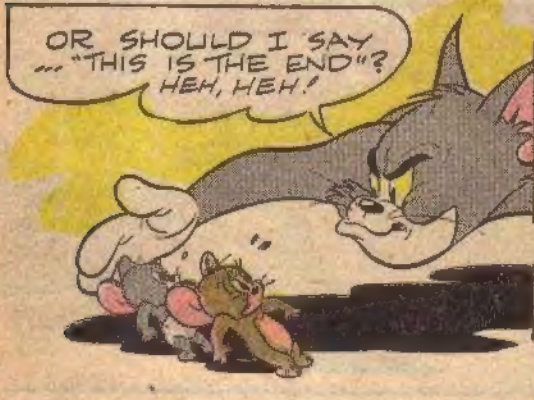
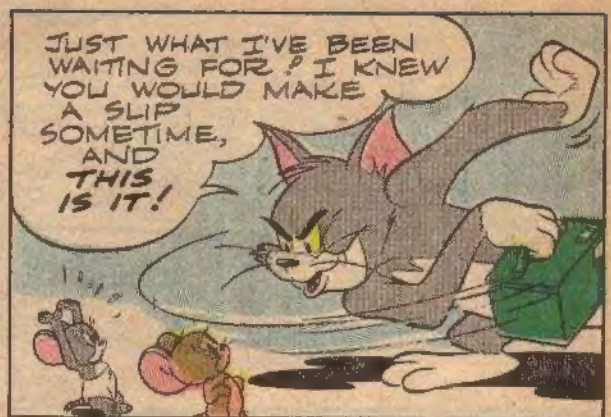
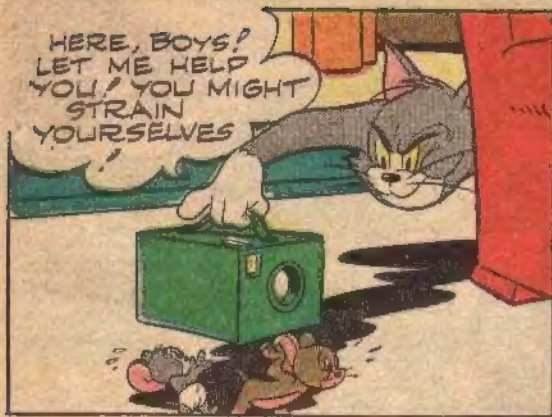


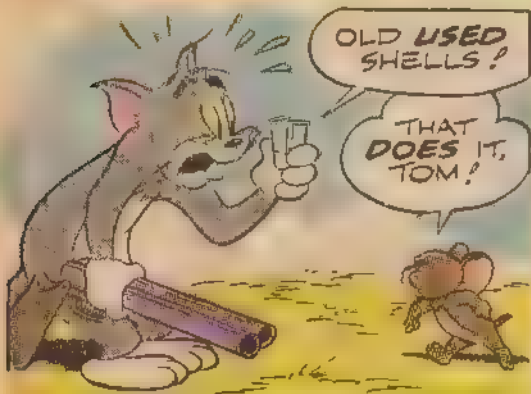
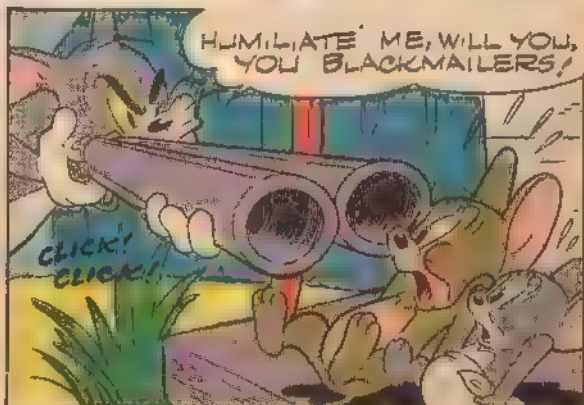
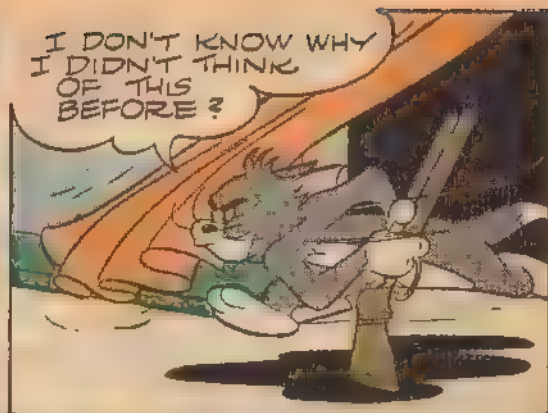
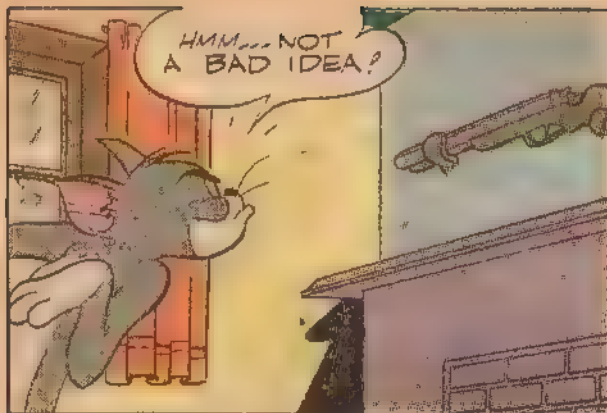




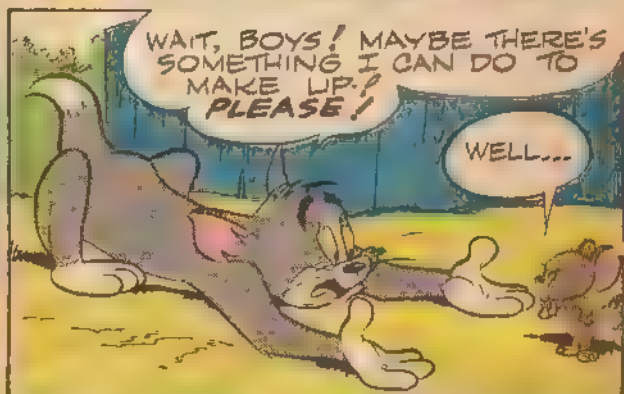




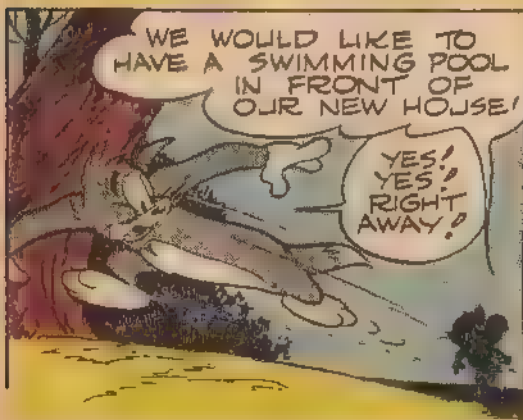




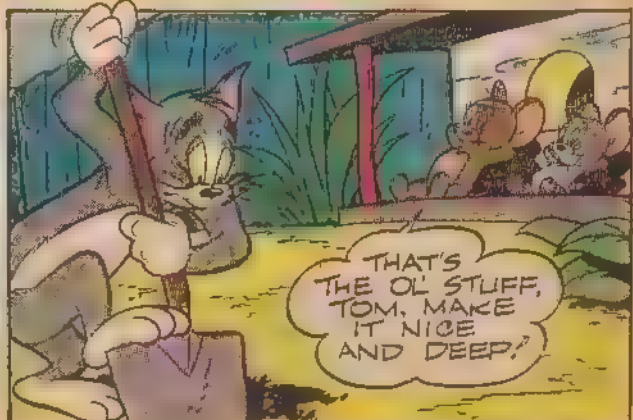
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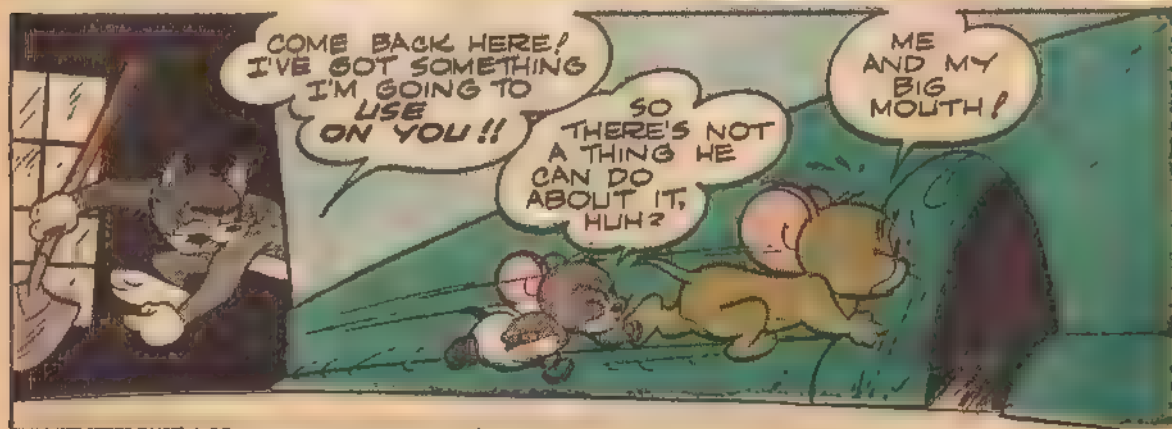
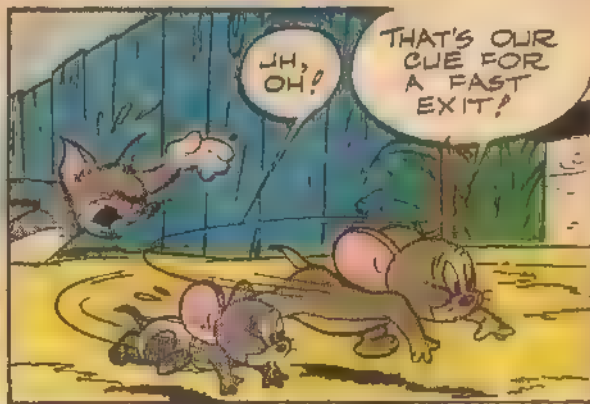
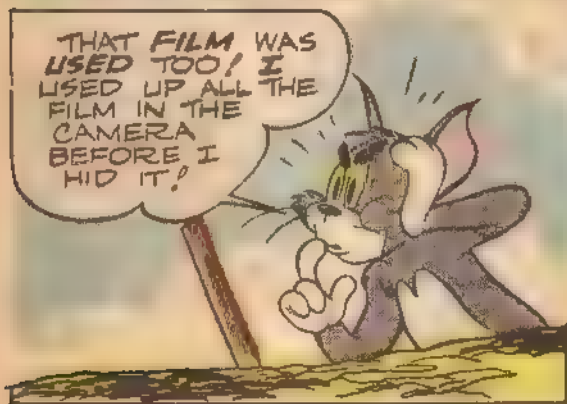
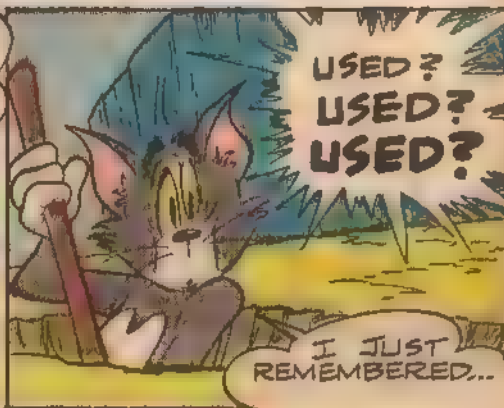
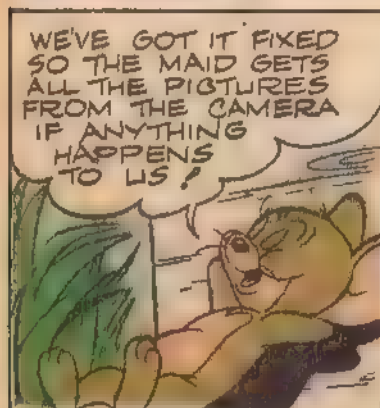
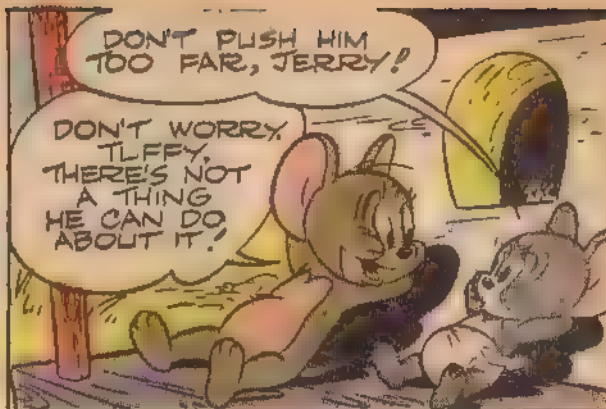


WELL...



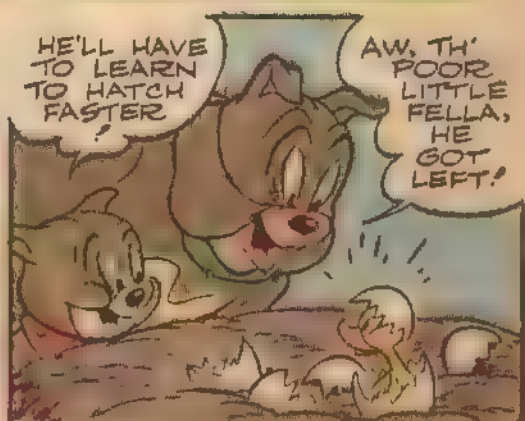
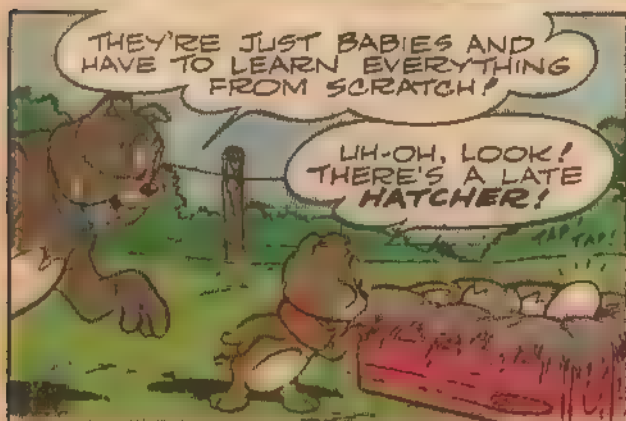
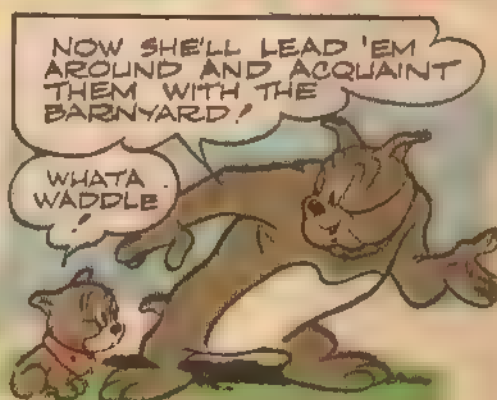
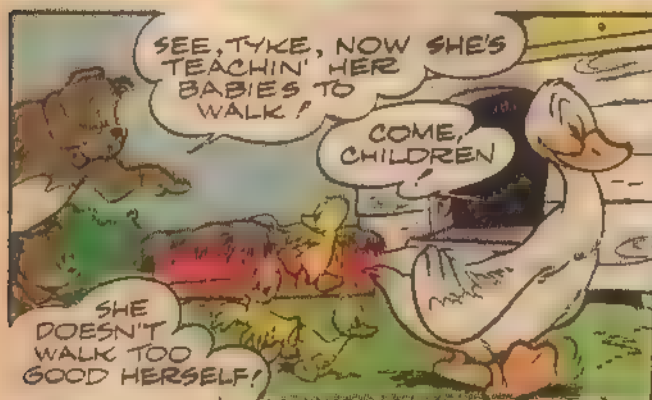
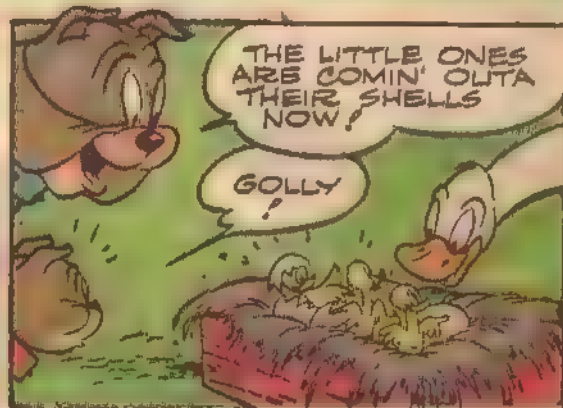
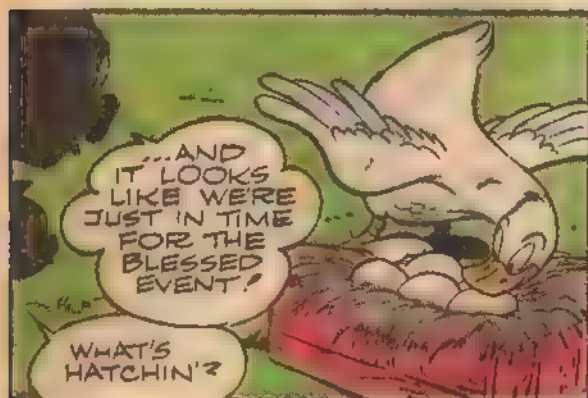
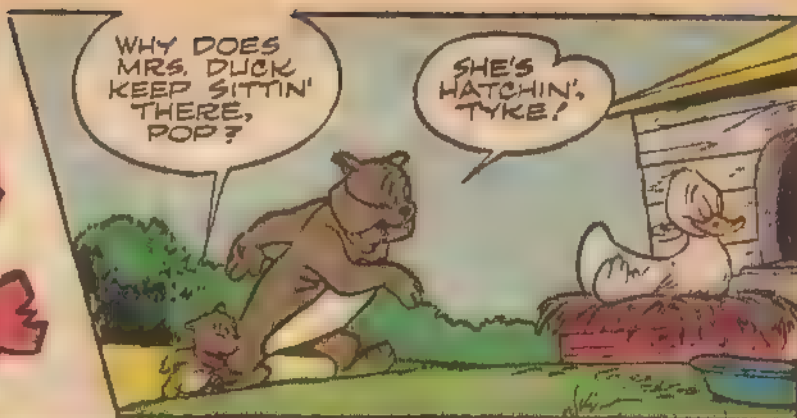
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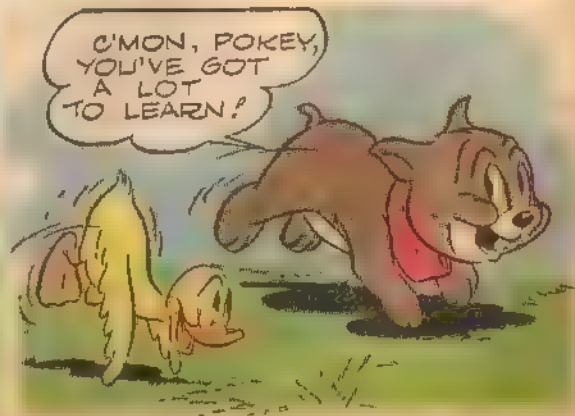
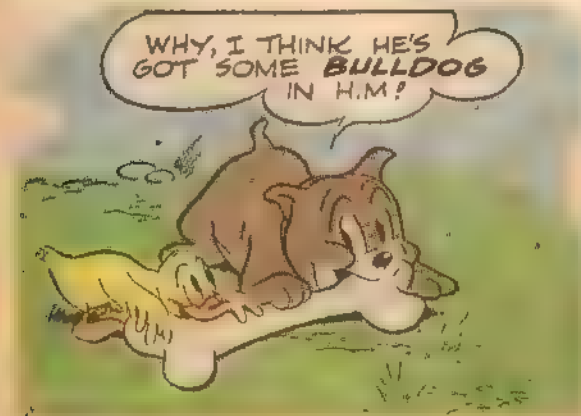
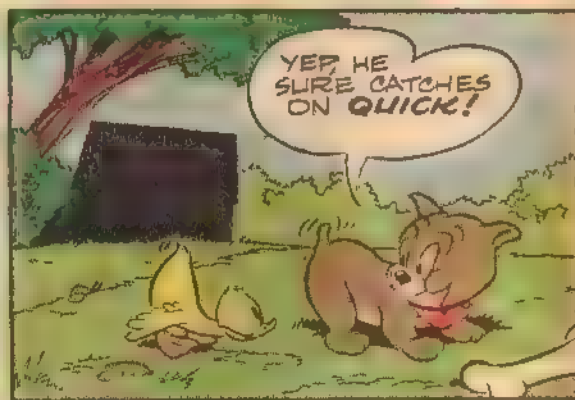
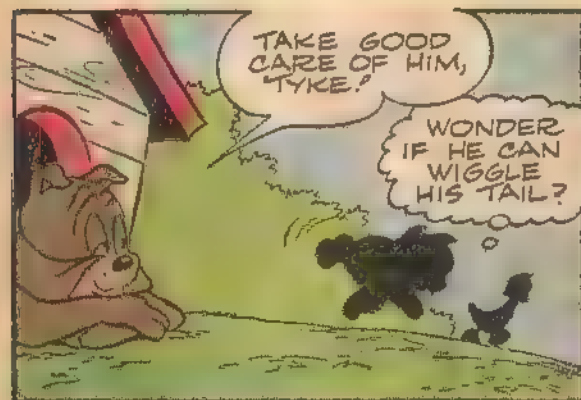
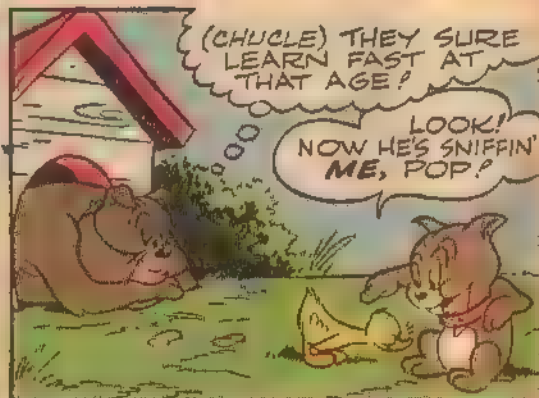
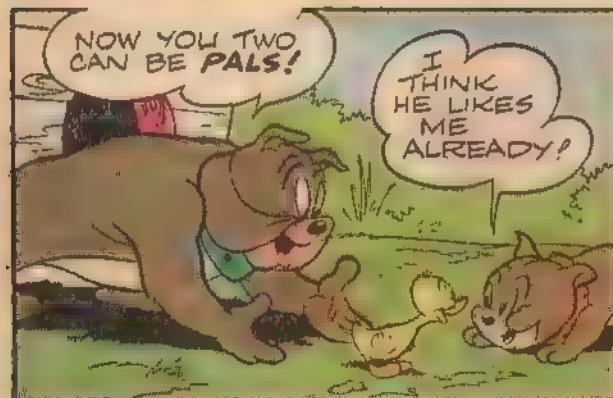
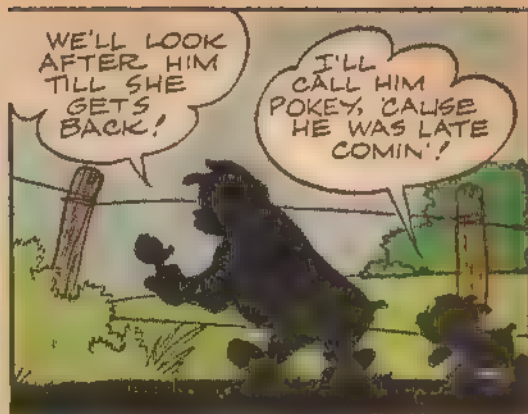
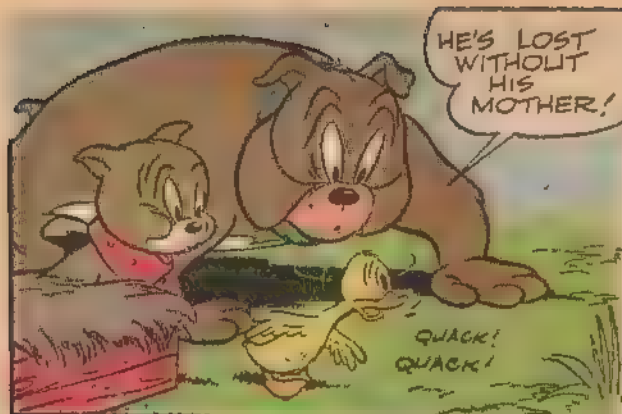


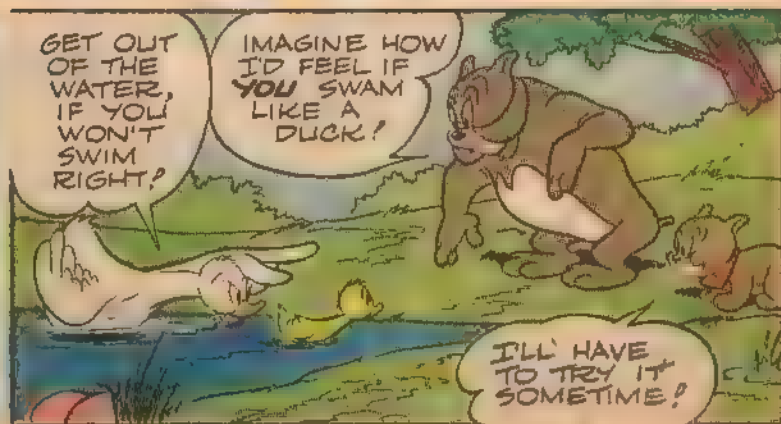
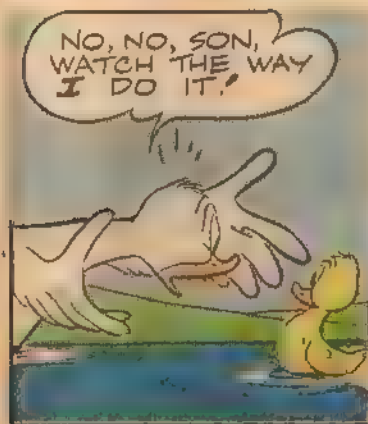
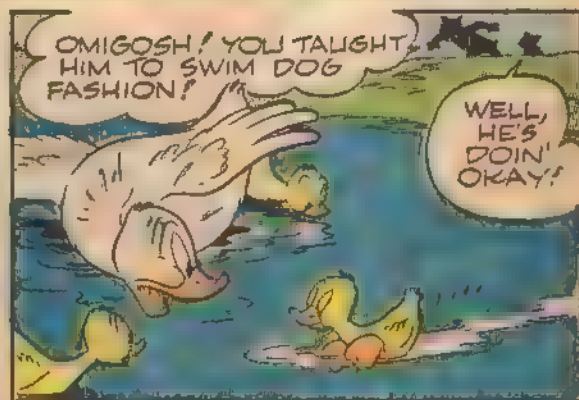
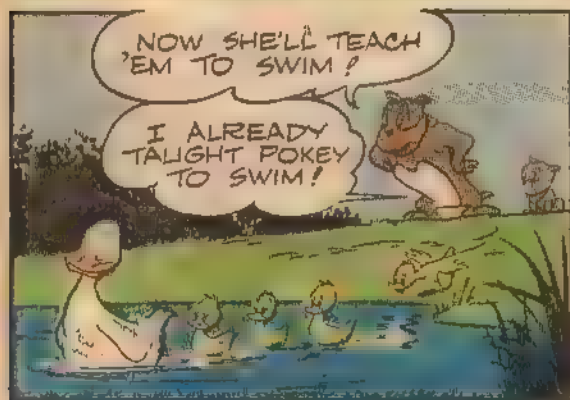
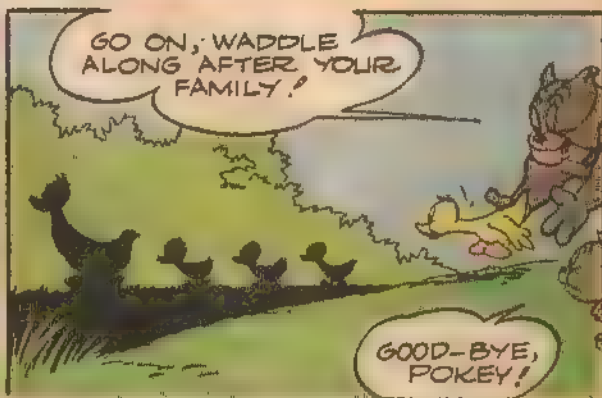
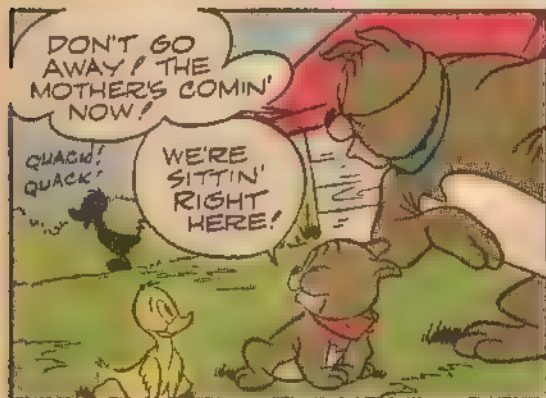
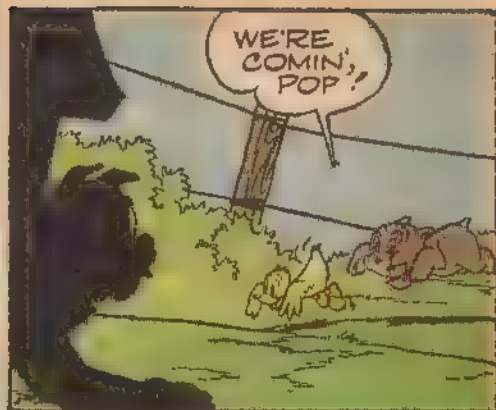
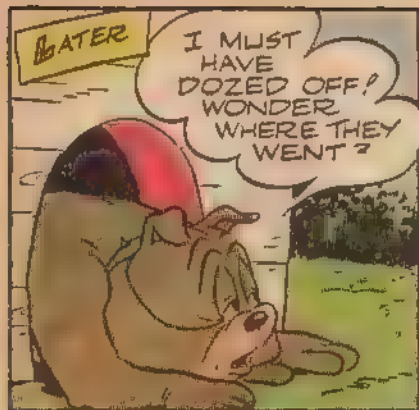


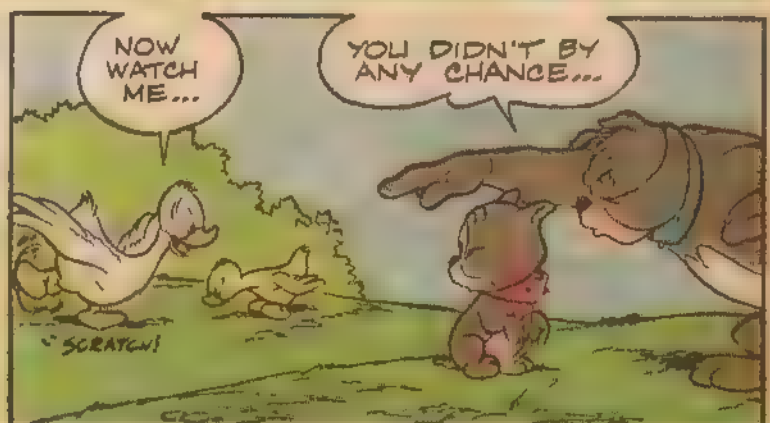
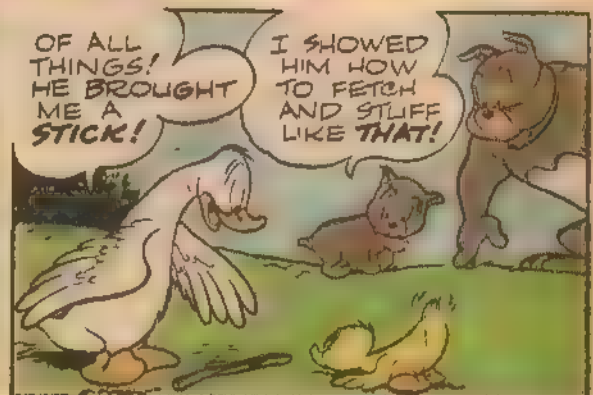
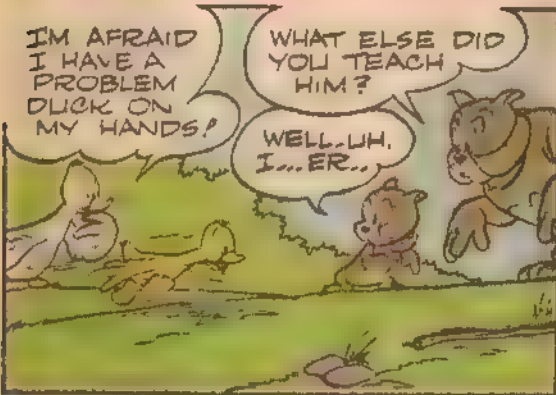
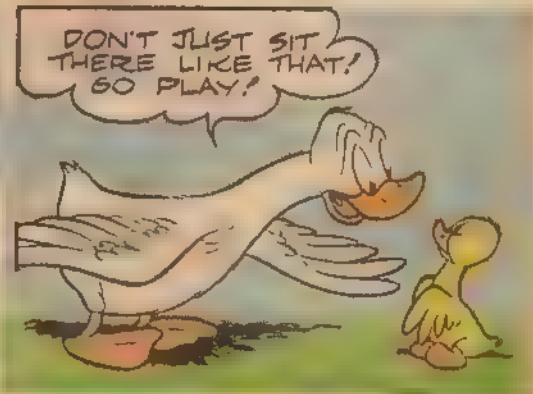
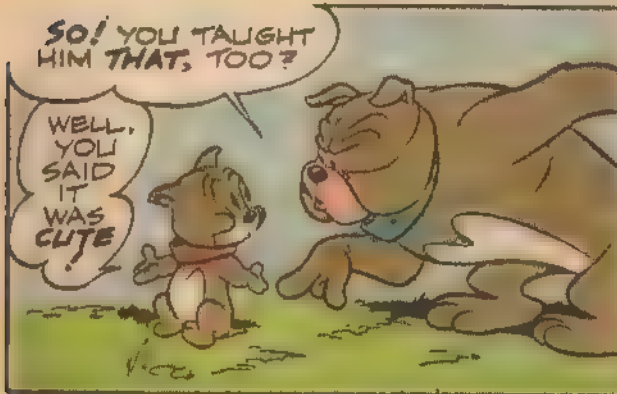
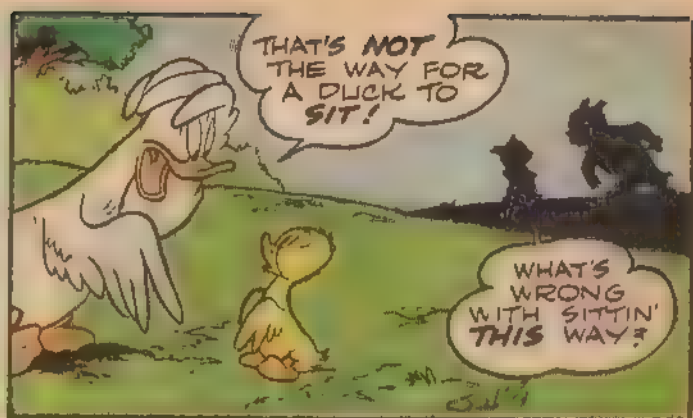
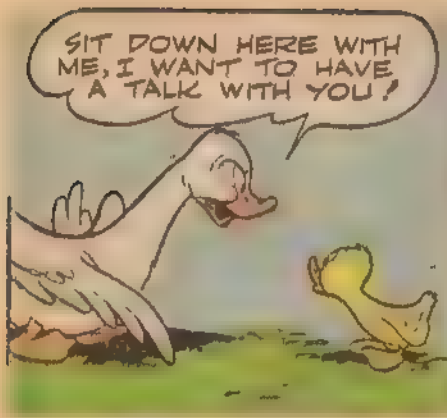
M-G-M-CARTOONS
present

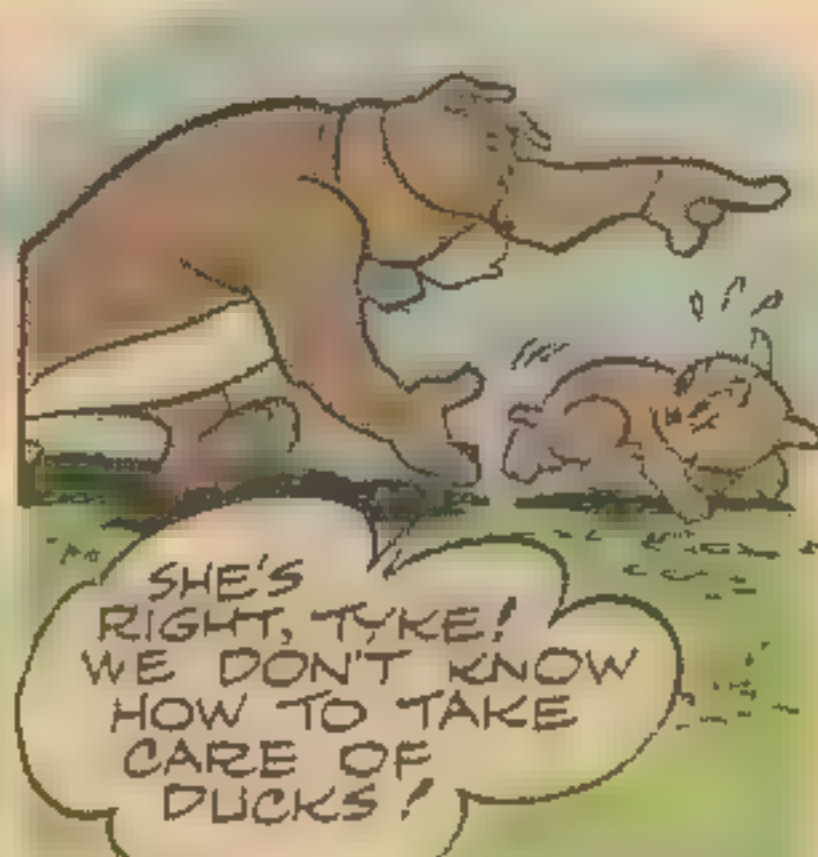
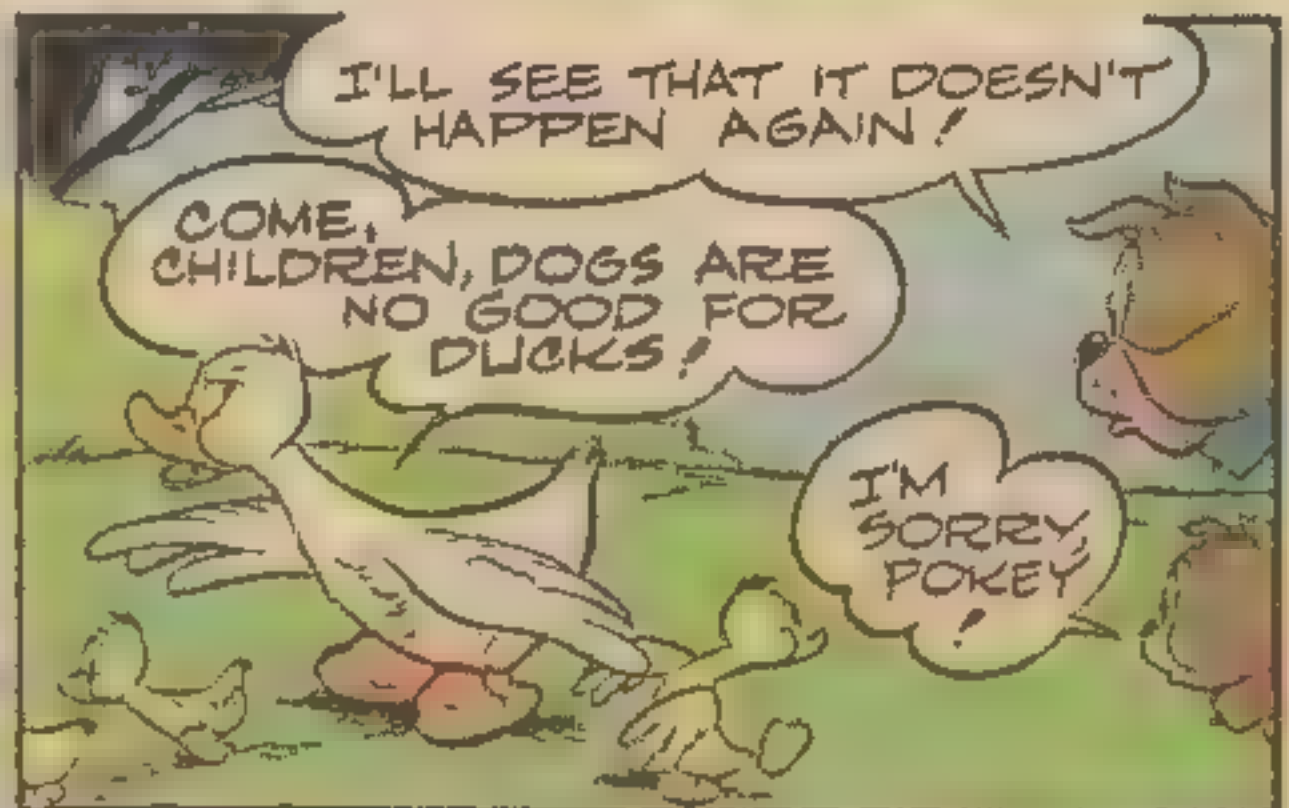
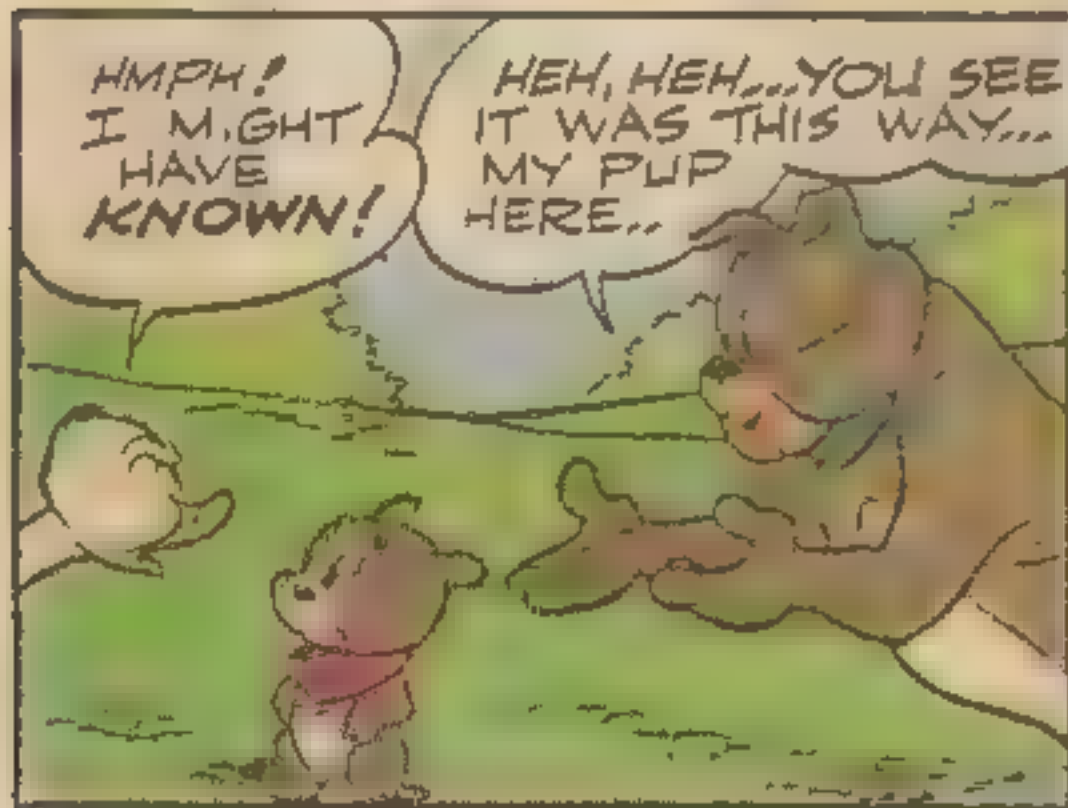
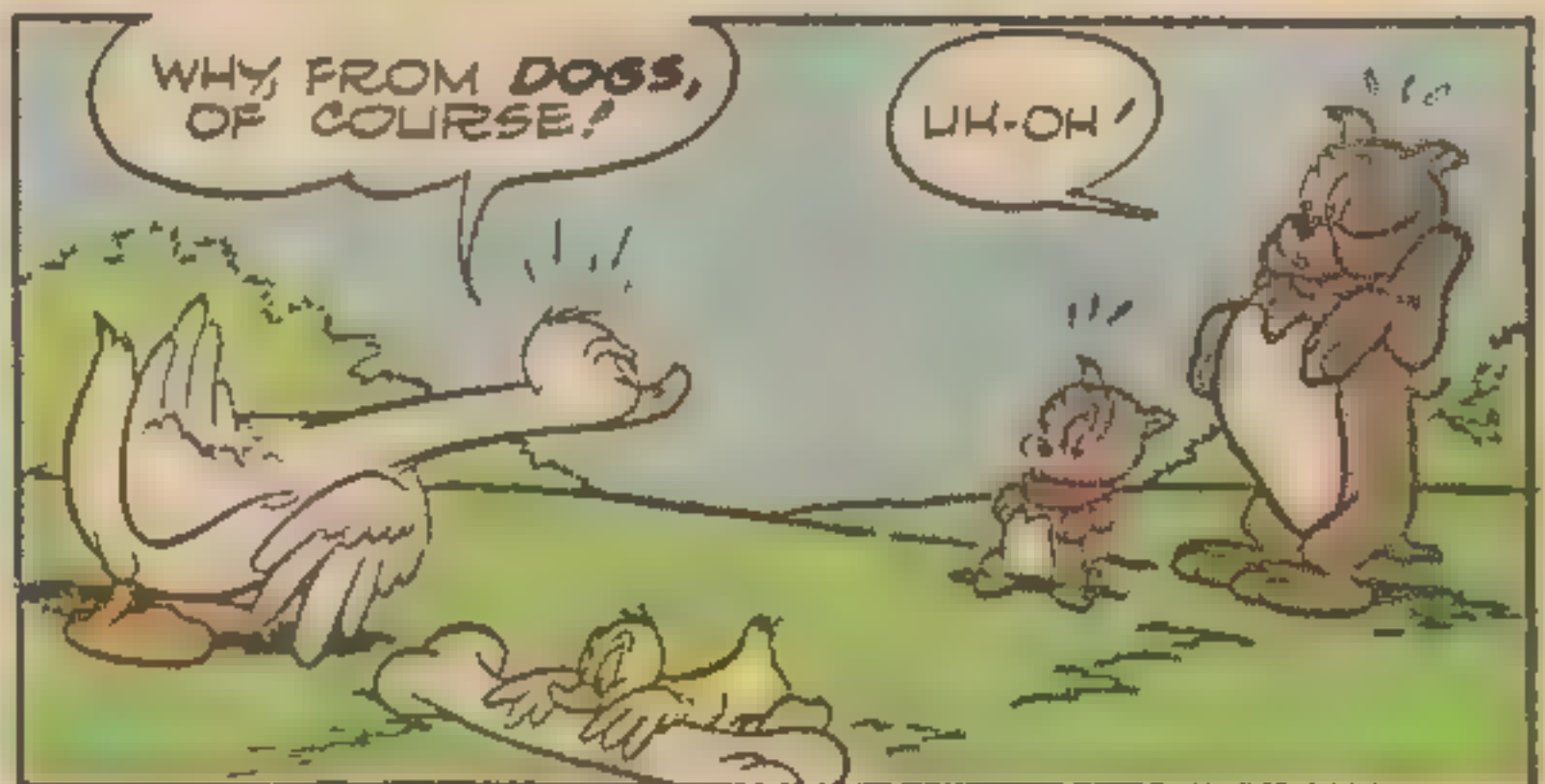
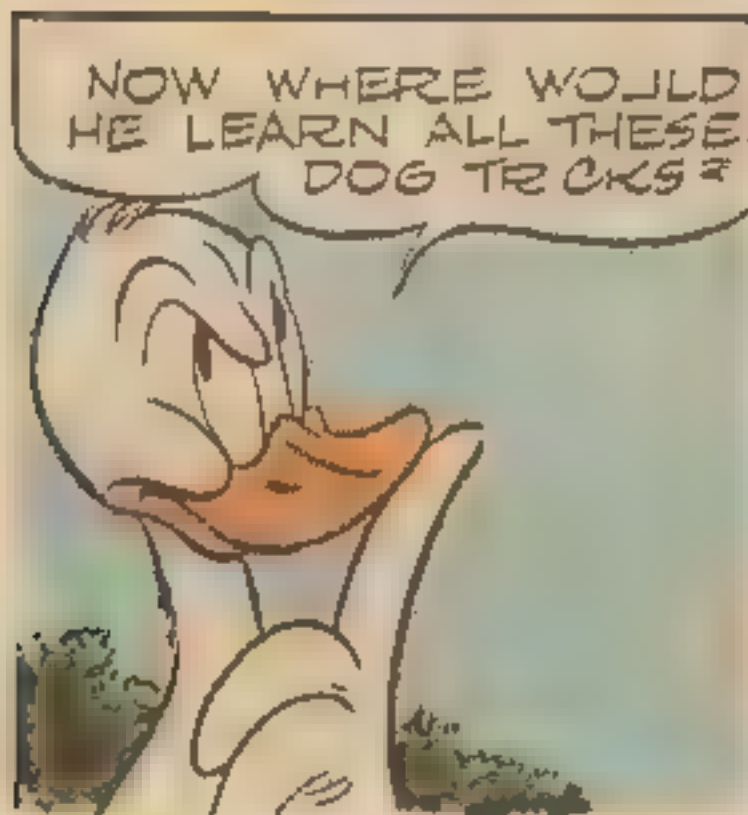
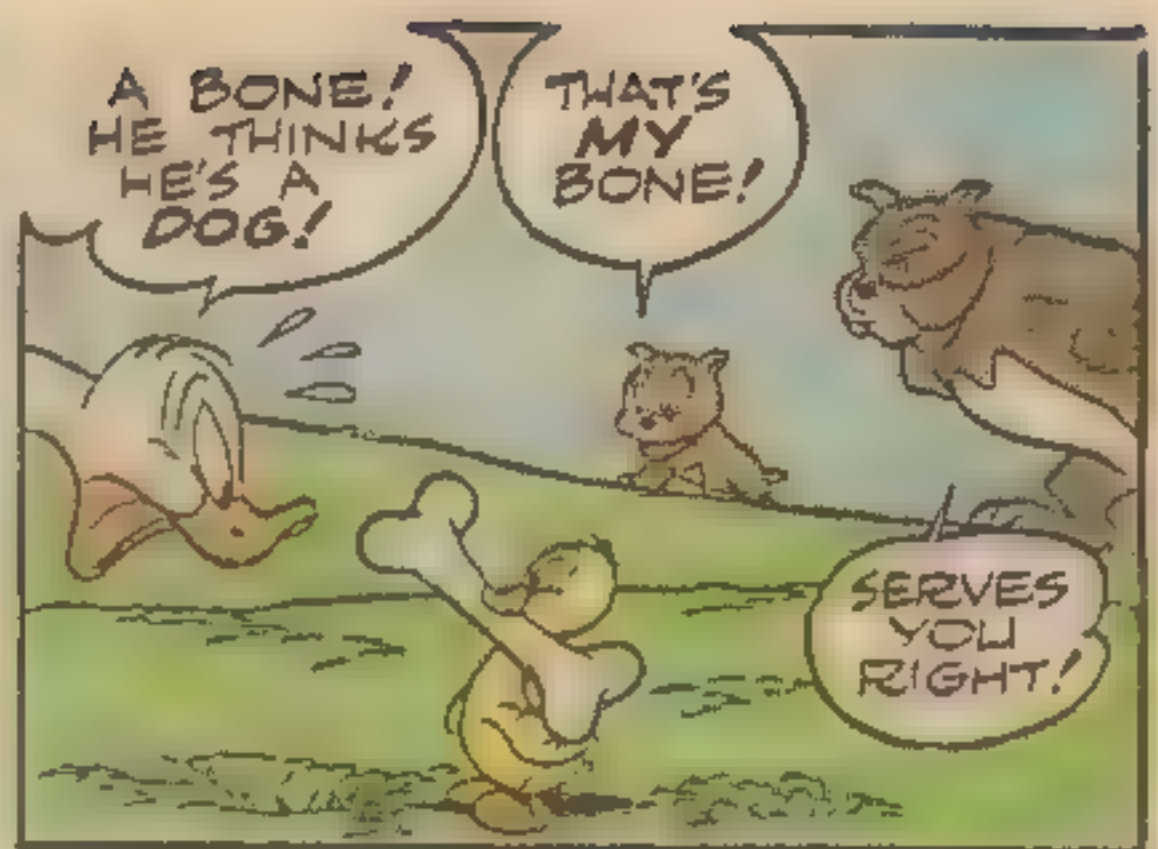
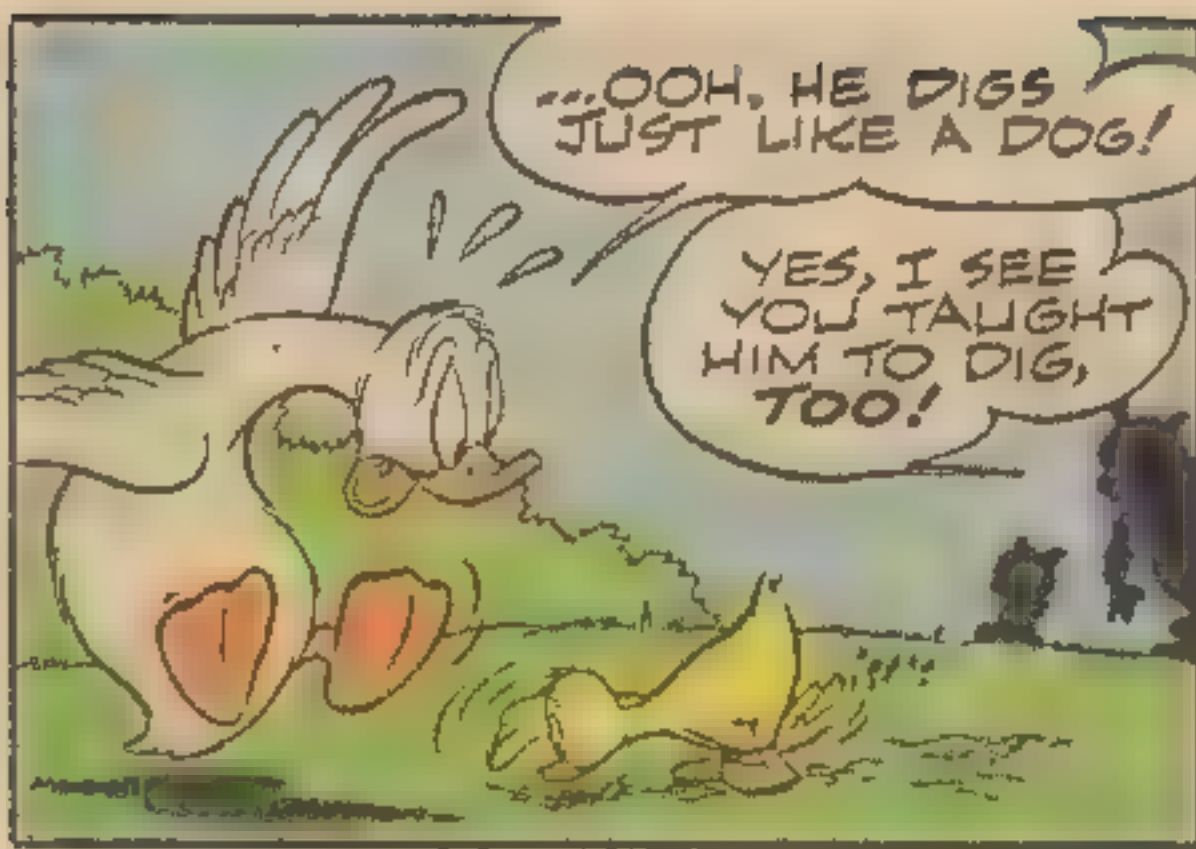
Big **SPINE** and Little **TYKE**

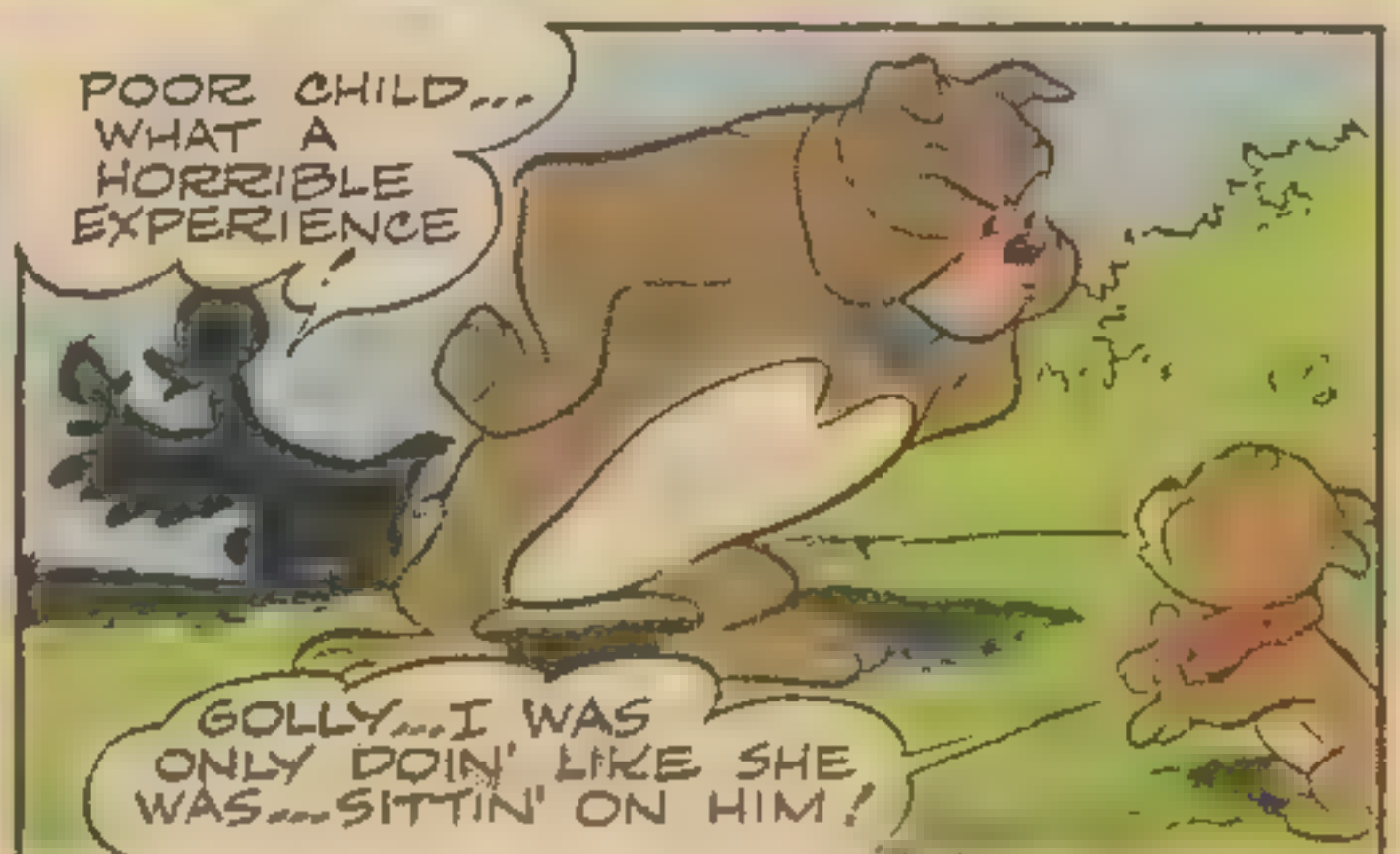
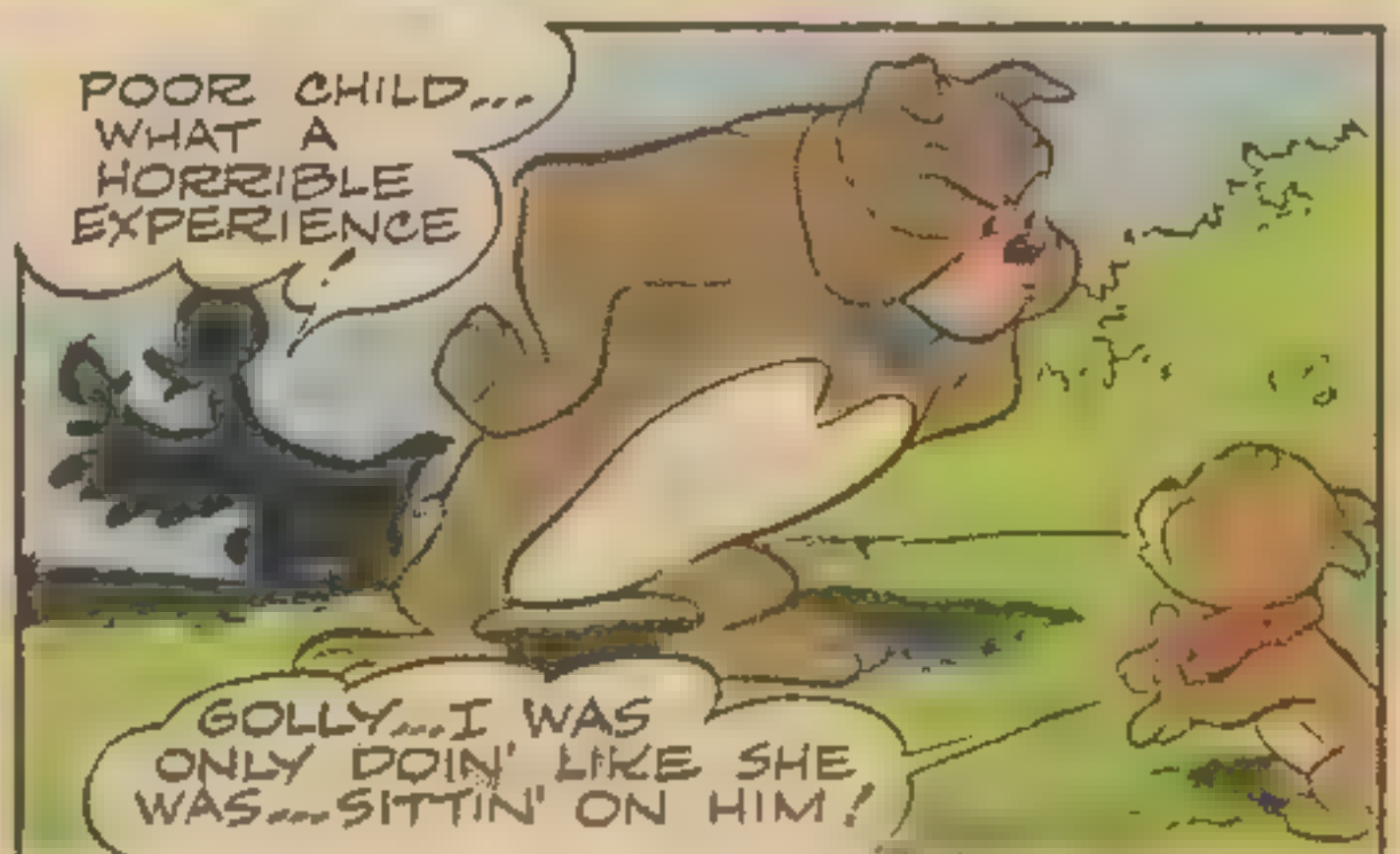
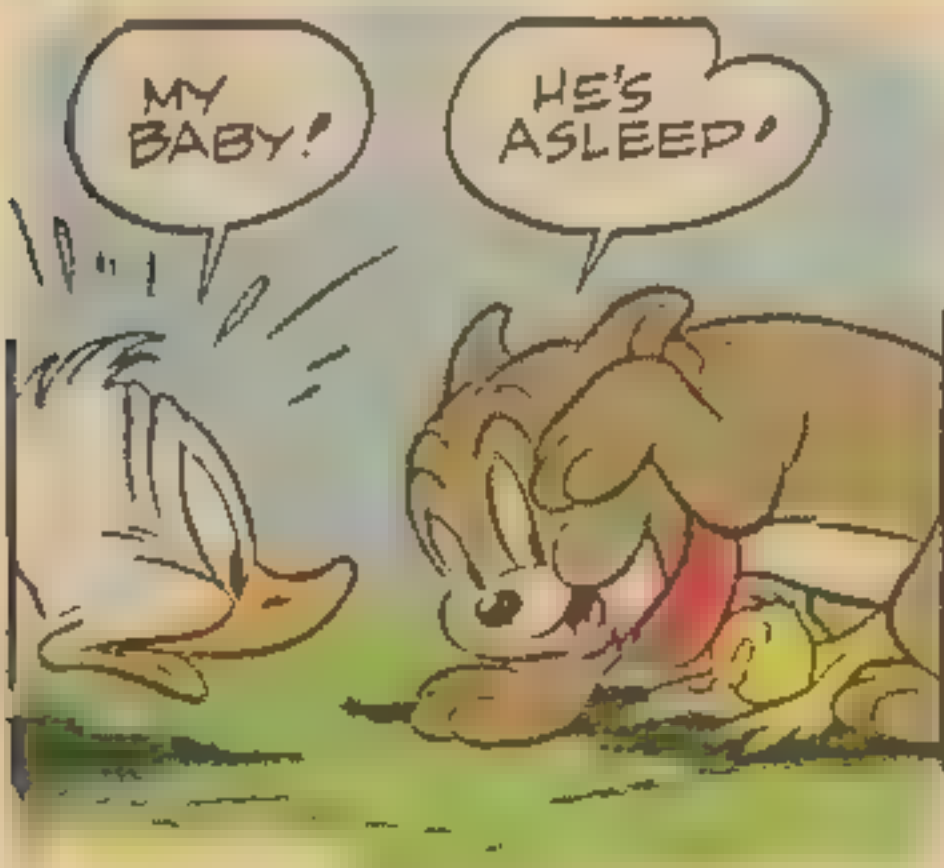
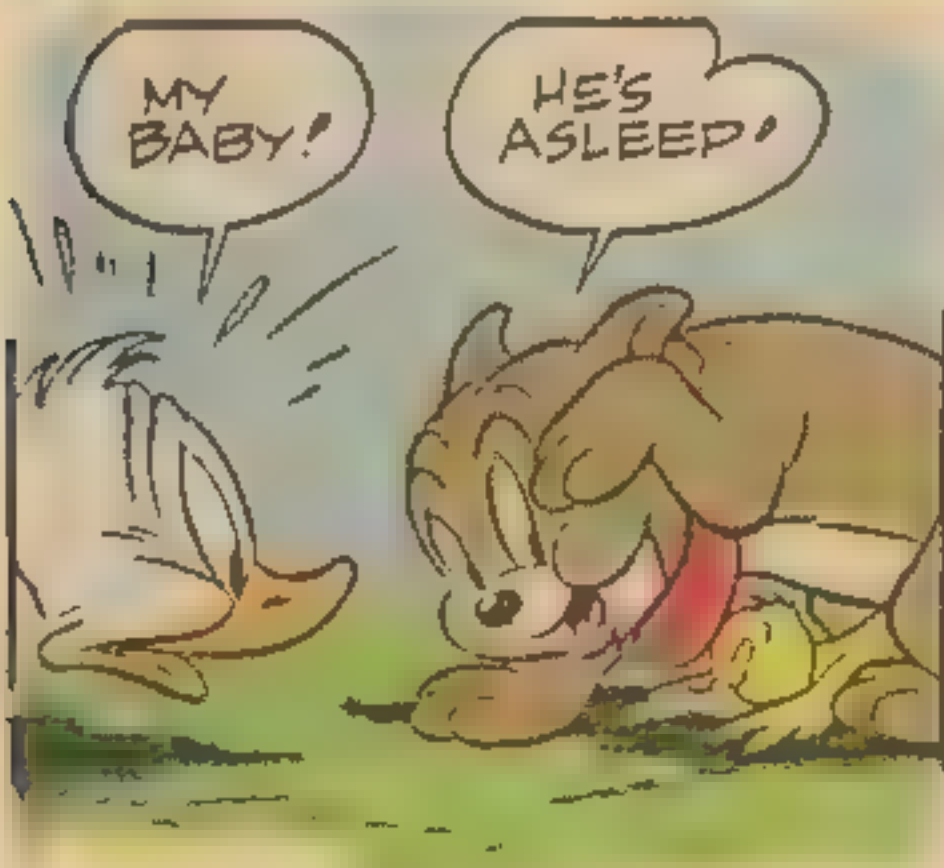
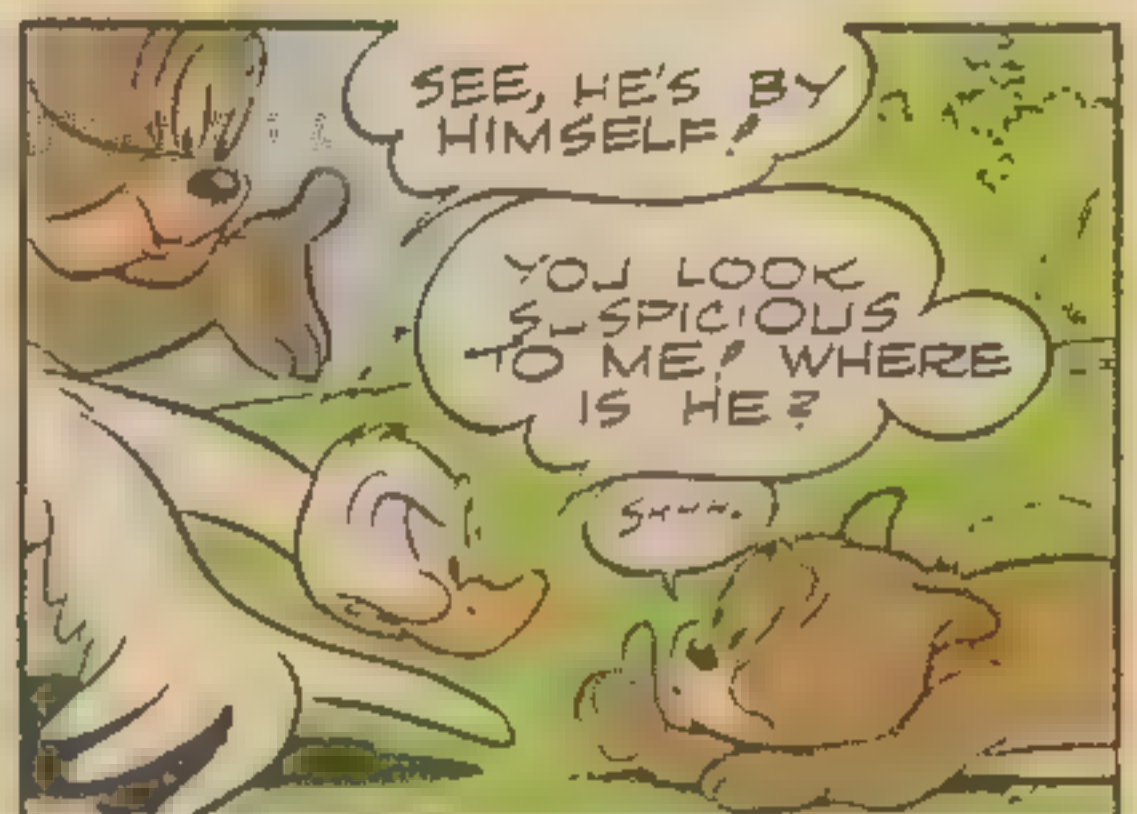
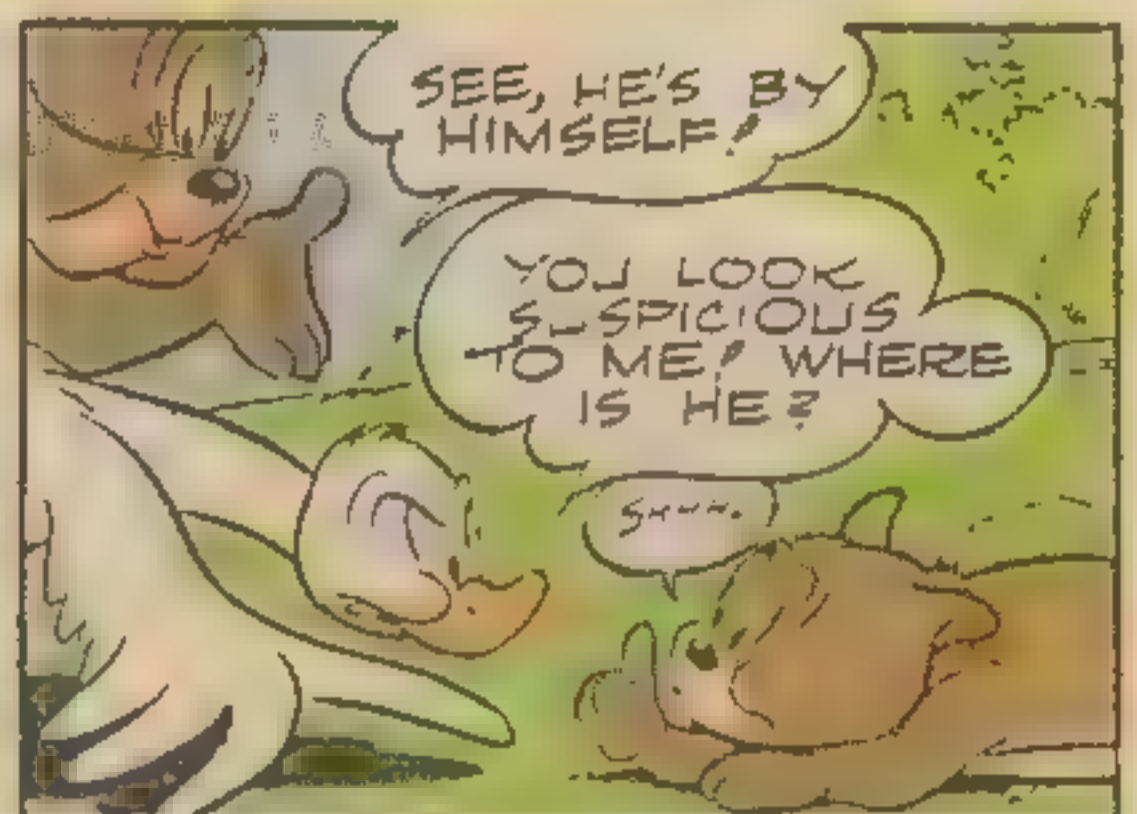
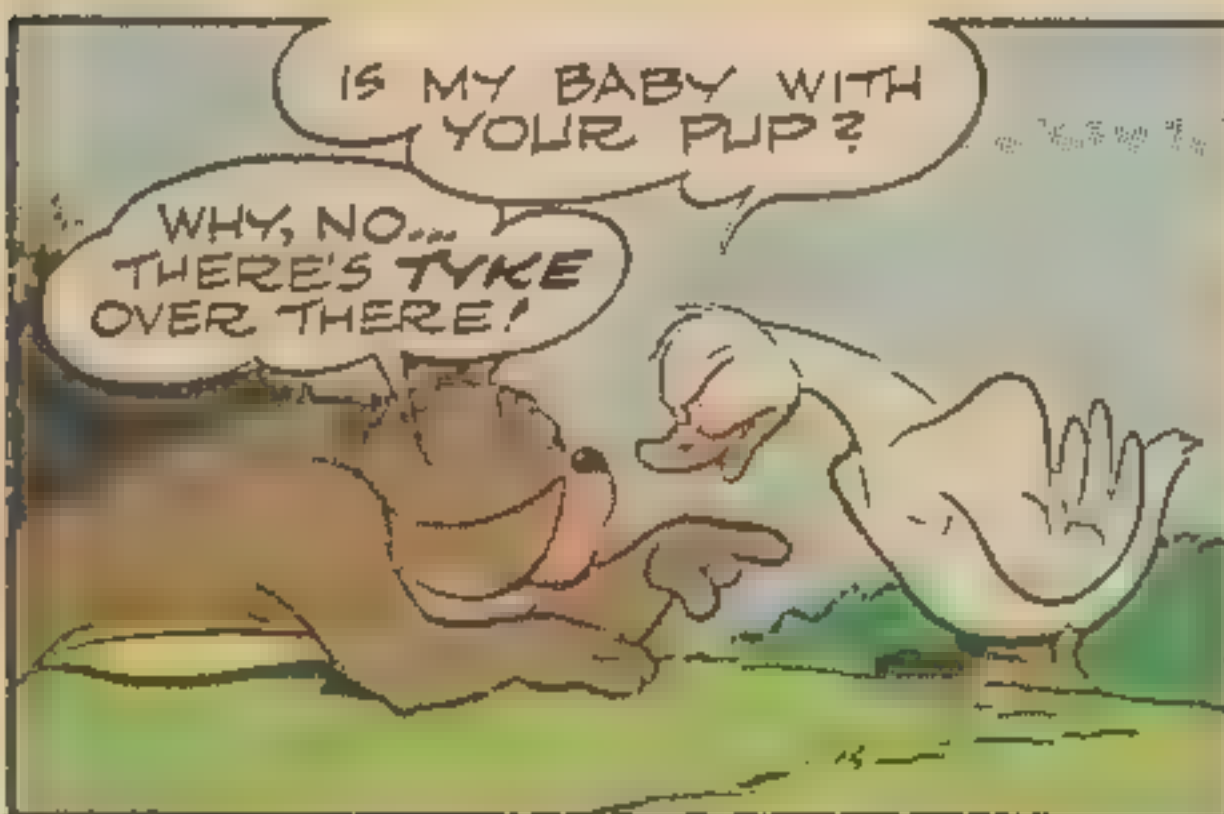
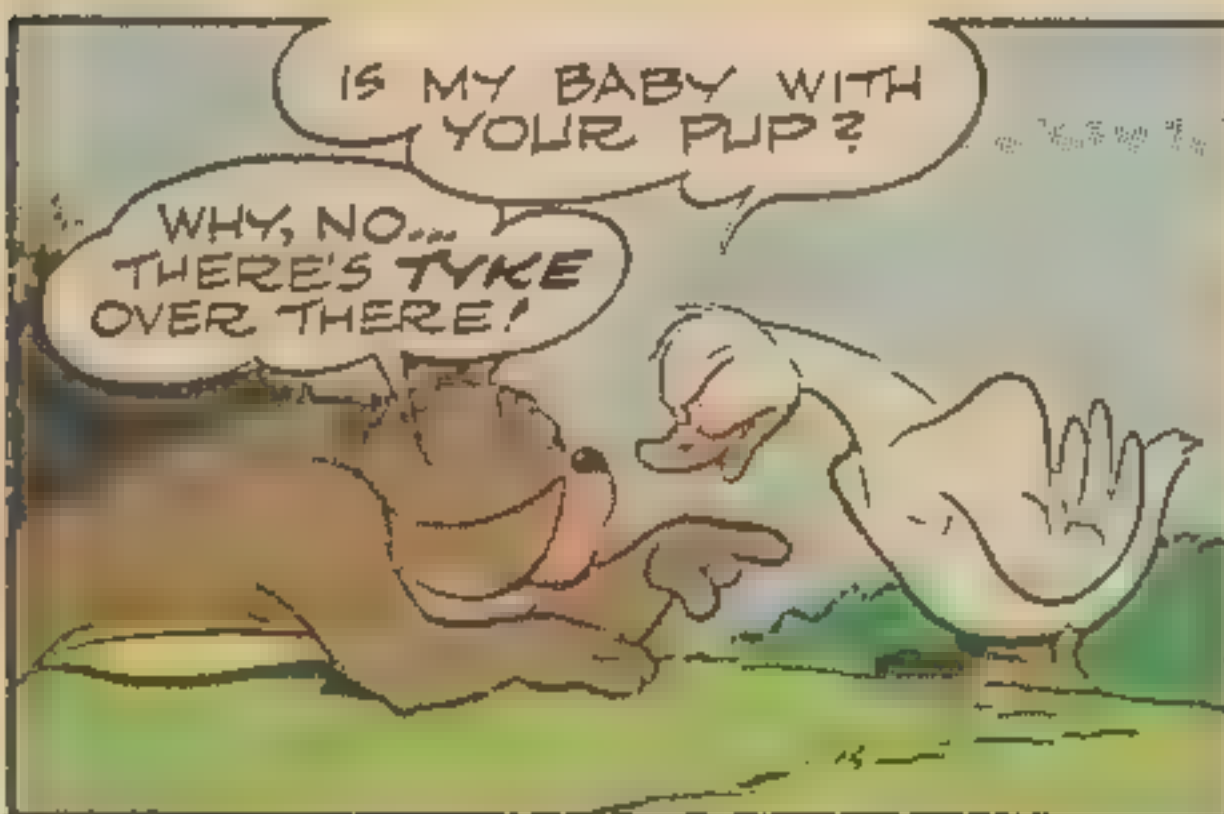
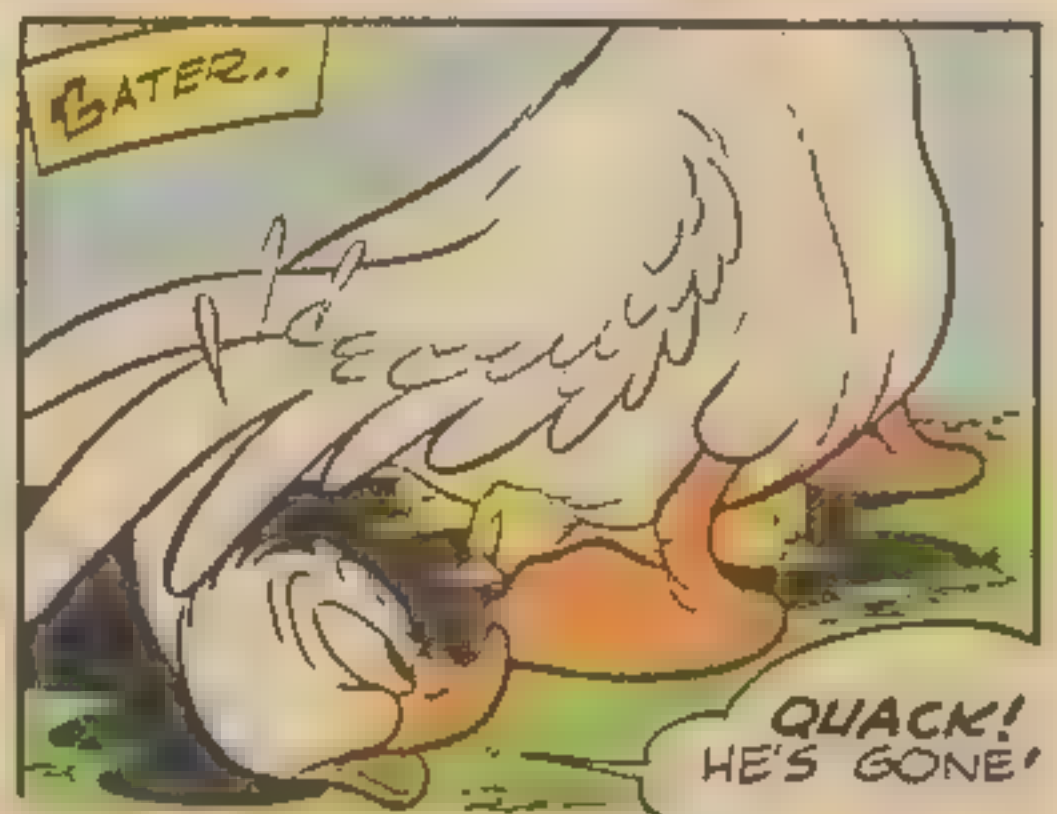
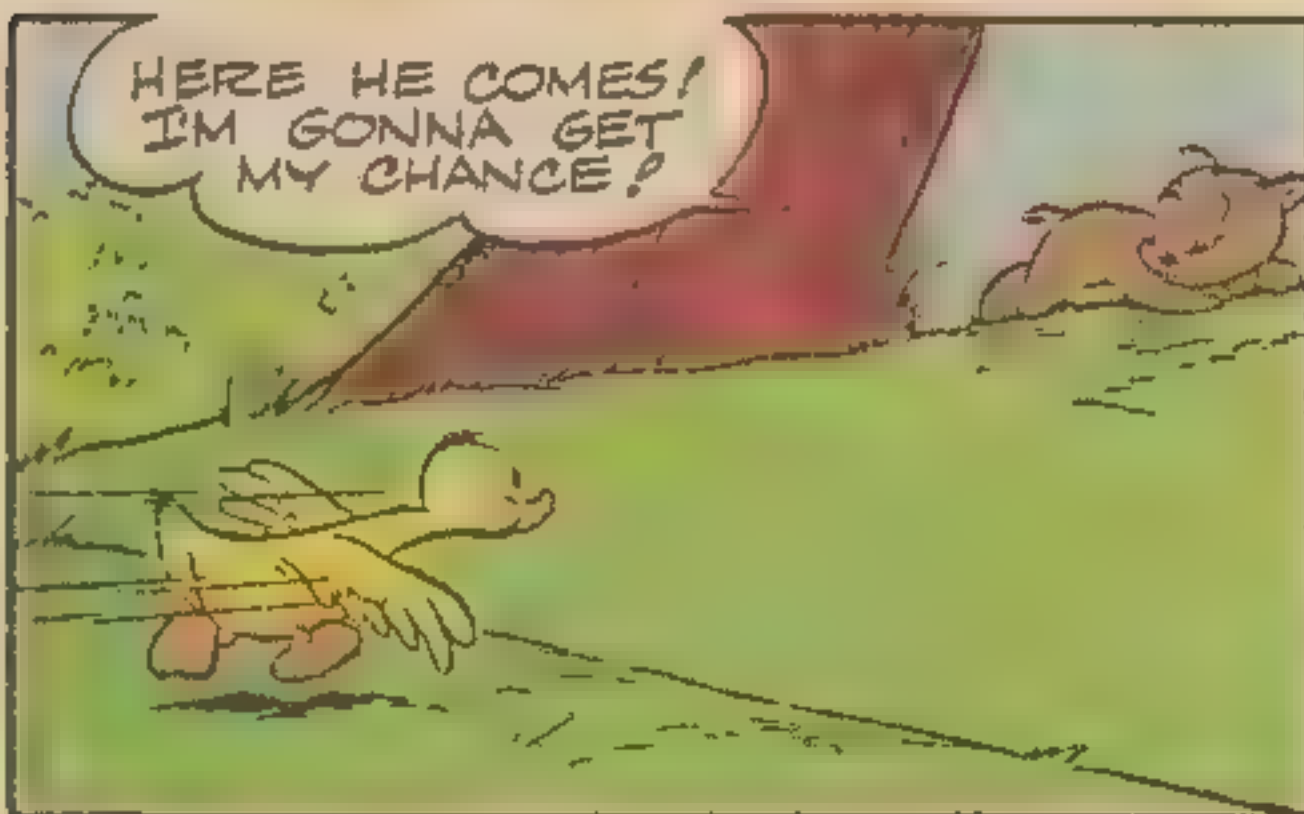
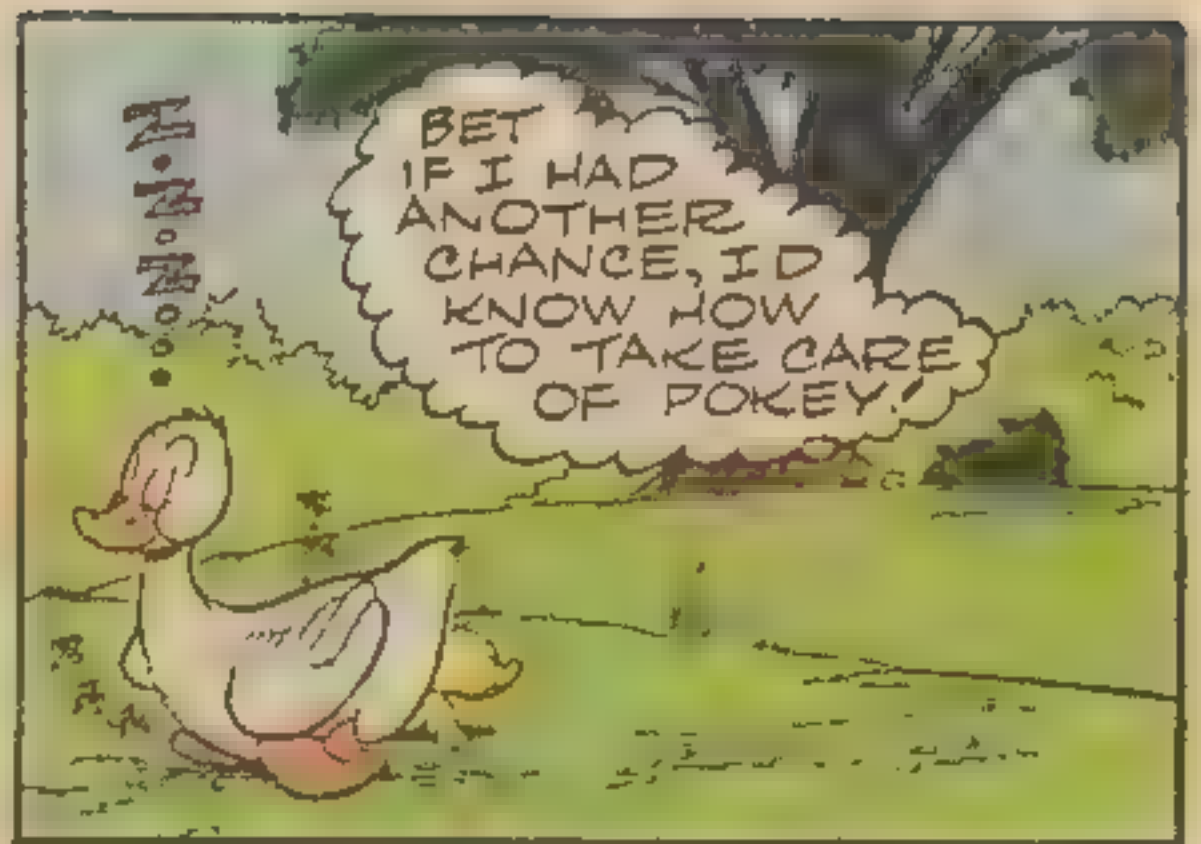
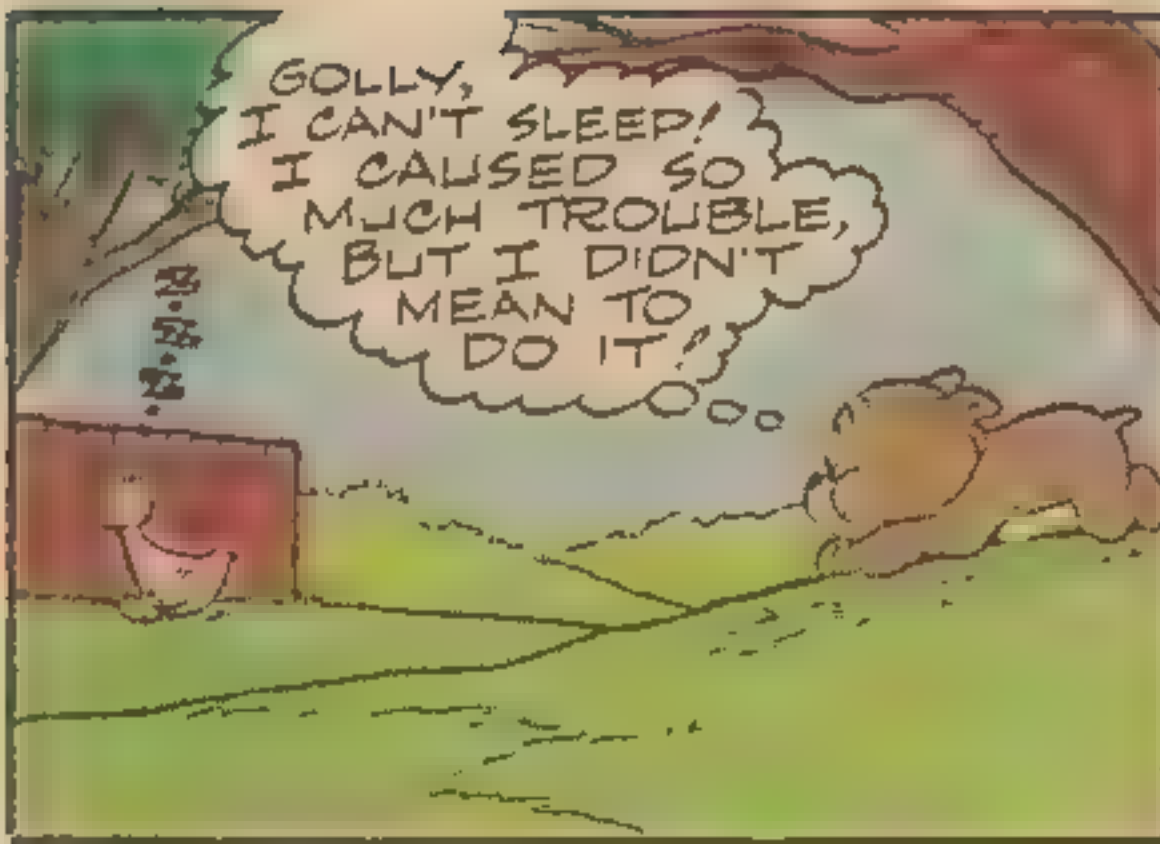








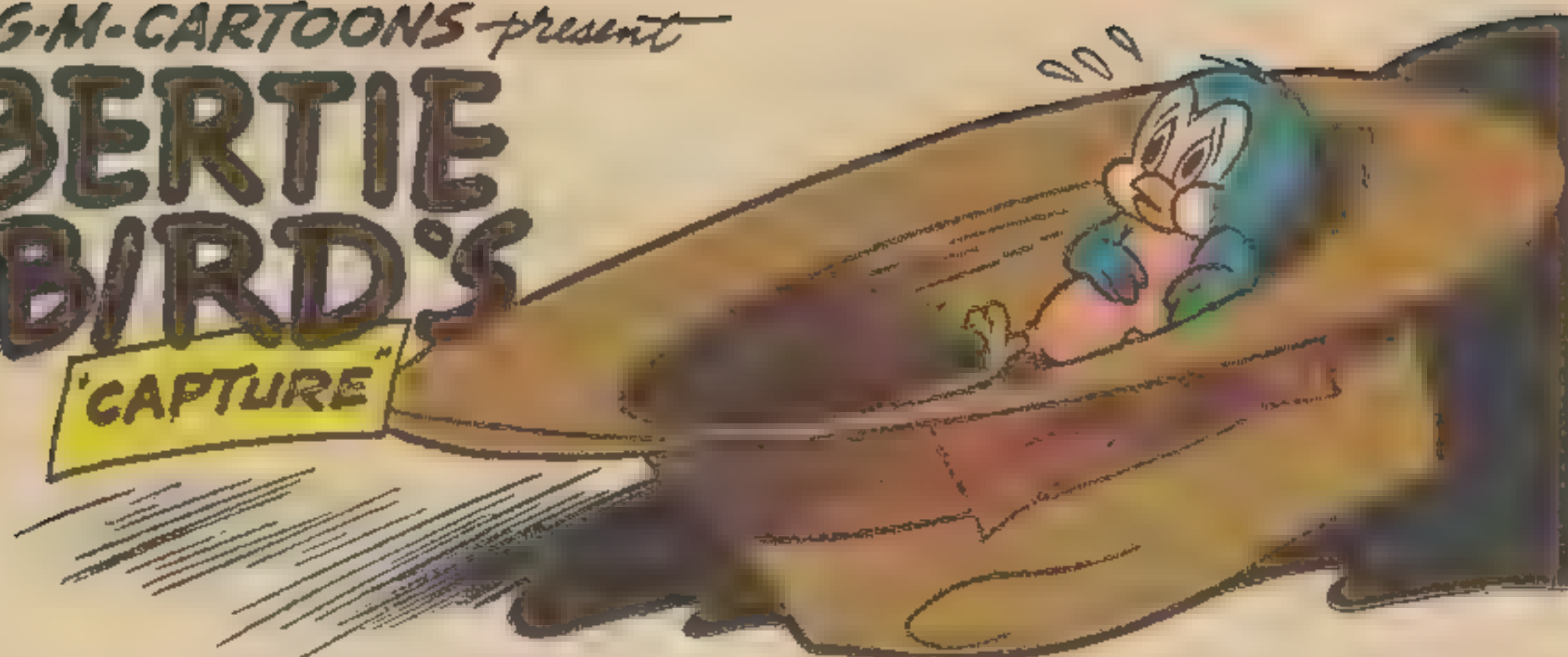




M-G-M-CARTOONS *present*

BERTIE BIRD'S

'CAPTURE'



Apple Tree Lane buzzed with excitement. There was loud twittering among the birds. Mother birds left their nests to gossip with their neighbors about the tragedy. Papa birds gathered in small groups. They cheeped, tut-tutted and chirped, until everybody for miles around knew that something unusual had happened.

Susie Sparrow flew down and perched on a branch beside her little friend, Ann Chickadee. "Of course you've heard the news, Ann!" she said. "Isn't it just terrible?"

Ann clacked her bill and jerked her tail nervously. "Oh, YES, Susie! I was never so frightened in my whole life! That AWFUL man!"

"What awful man?" asked Red Robin, who had just returned from a flying trip.

"Why, old Longlegs who lives in the Green House," chirped Susie. "He captured Bertie Bird and took him AWAY!"

Red Robin was stunned. Bertie, his best friend, GONE. He could hardly believe it. "But Bertie is a good flier and plenty sharp!" he said. "What happened?"

Susie and Ann both started chattering at once. And, for the life of him, Red Robin could not understand one word they said.

"Cheepers!" he exclaimed. "One at a time! PLEASE!"

So Susie, who could out-chirp any other bird, and usually did, told the story of Bertie's capture.

"It happened like this," she began. "Bertie and George Goldfinch were having fun chasing one another all around the rose arbor in the back yard of the Green House. I was in a tree nearby, watching them. After a while, George nose-dived and flew under the roof of the arbor. Bertie started to follow when suddenly he screamed and fell to the ground.

"George and I quickly flew to him to see what had happened. There lay poor Bertie with a deep scratch on the under part of his wing. We were so scared, we started yelling for help. And pretty soon nearly all the birds of Apple Tree Lane had gathered around us.

"I guess we made an awful racket, because presently old Longlegs came rushing out of his house and hurried straight to Bertie. We warned him to let Bertie alone, and George even pecked him sharply on the head, but he paid no attention to us. He scooped Bertie up in his big hand and carried him away. And that's the last we've seen of him."

"Poor Bertie!" cried Red Robin. "He's probably DEAD by now!"

But Bertie was NOT dead. In fact, he was having a new and very strange adventure. He was taking his first ride in an automobile. Mister Longlegs was at the wheel driving and Bertie was nestled down in a felt hat on the seat beside him.

"Guess you're not afraid of me any more, eh, little fellow?" asked Mister Longlegs.

"Cheep!" answered Bertie, trying to be friendly. He did not understand Longlegs' words but he knew by now that he and the man were friends.

Suddenly, the car stopped. Mister Longlegs lifted Bertie from the hat and carried him into a vine-covered building and handed him to a veterinary. "Here's a little patient for you, Doc," said Mister Longlegs. "Got his wing scratched on a rose bush thorn."

Before Bertie could make up his mind whether or not he liked this strange man in a white jacket, the veterinary had made his wing stop hurting and was handing him back to Longlegs. "A little care and he'll be good as new," said Doctor Johnson.

Then Mister Longlegs carried Bertie out and gently laid him once again in the felt hat on the car seat. Away they chugged down tree-lined roads, back toward the Green House.

Bertie felt much better. Now, he would soon be with his mother again in Apple Tree Lane. "Ooooh!" he chirped to himself. "What a story I'll have to tell her and my friends this time!" He shivered with delight, and felt so grateful to Longlegs that he sang a little song to tell him about it. Longlegs whistled right back at Bertie to show him HE was happy, too.

Suddenly, it seemed darker. "Ooops!" said Bertie. "Is it night already?" But it was not. They simply had come to a stop in the garage. Back out in the sunshine again, Bertie

thought sure Longlegs would set him free.

But Mister Longlegs did nothing of the sort. He took Bertie inside the Green House, put him in a cage, and locked the door.

Bertie was heartbroken. "How can he treat me like this when I trusted him and sang all the way home? How can Longlegs be so cruel?" Bertie called pleadingly to him to open the door, but Longlegs paid no attention.

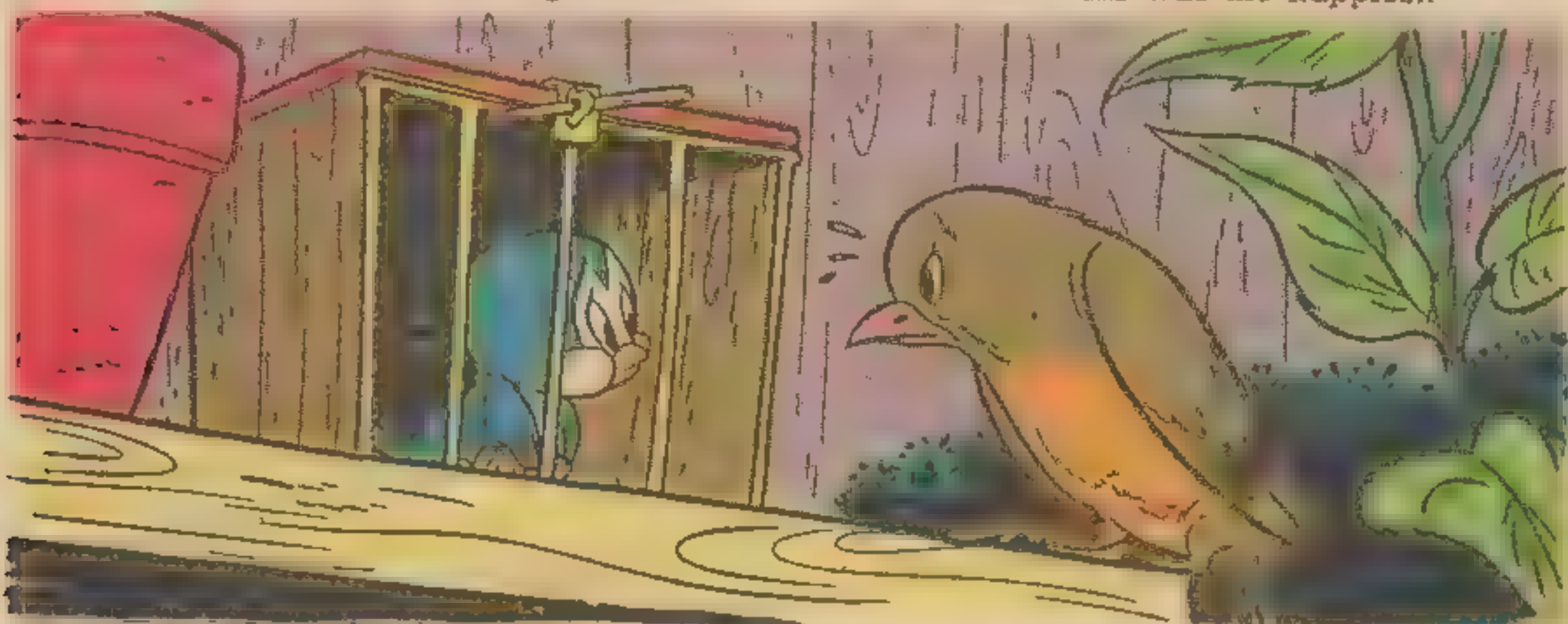
Days went by, and still Bertie was a prisoner in the cage. He gave up all hope of ever seeing his mother again or of being free. And then a strange thing happened.

One day Longlegs carried the cage outdoors and hung it on the back porch. He deliberately left the cage door WIDE OPEN. Bertie could not believe his eyes. Was this some trick? He hopped over and peeped out. No indeed. He was FREE!

"Longlegs is my friend after all," chirped Bertie. He flapped his wings and was astonished to find that his sore one was healed. He could fly again.

That's just what Bertie Bird did. He flew straight to Apple Tree Lane and perched on the branch of an apple tree, surrounded by his overjoyed family and little friends. And, just as he had planned, he told them all about his strange experience.

All the birds sang and sang to show Bertie how happy they were that he had returned to them. Bertie sang the loudest of all because — HE was the happiest!



M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

WUFF

the
PRAIRIE
DOG

OKAY, LEM LIZARD! DON'T MOVE!
I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU!

WHAT?

DID YOU GET HIM, WUFF?

GOT HIM,
SAMMY!

CLICK!

OH! YOU MEAN YOU
WANTED TO SHOOT
MY PICTURE! BUT I
DON'T GET IT, BOYS!
WHAT'S WHAT HERE?

YOU MEAN
WHO'S WHO!
SHOW HIM
OUR BOOK,
SAMMY!

SEE? WE'RE MAKING UP A BOOK
OF WHO'S WHO ON
THE PRAIRIE!
AND WE'RE
GOING TO
TAKE PICTURES
OF EVERYBODY
IN THESE PARTS!

THAT'S SOME CAMERA
YOU HAVE THERE! I
NEVER SAW ONE
OF THOSE BEFORE!

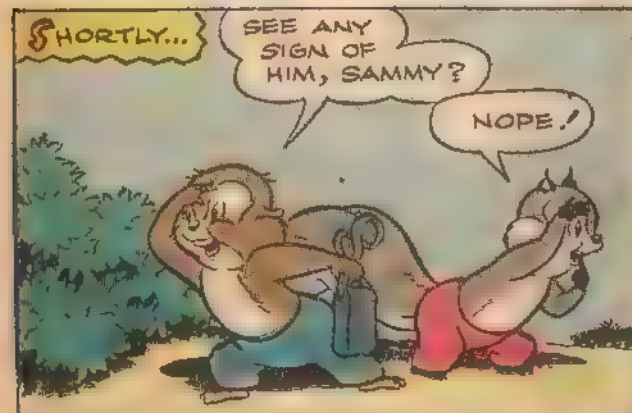
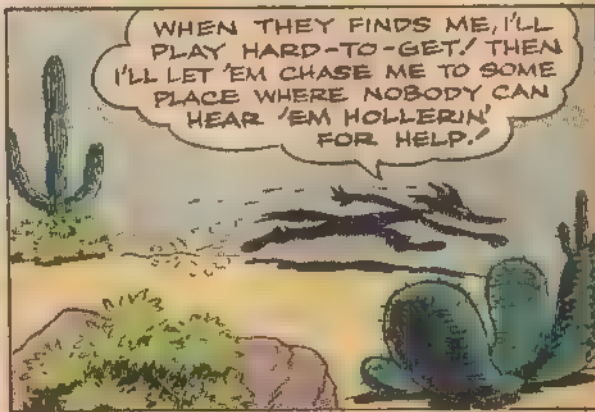
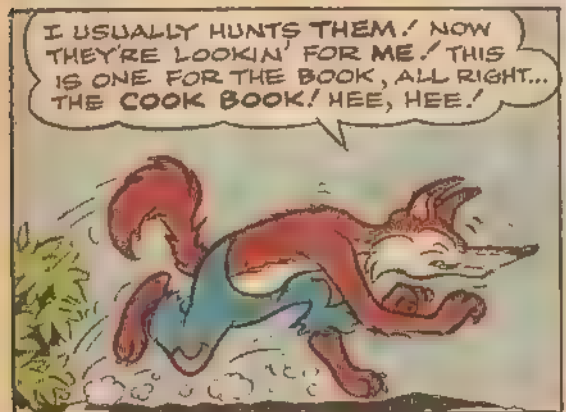
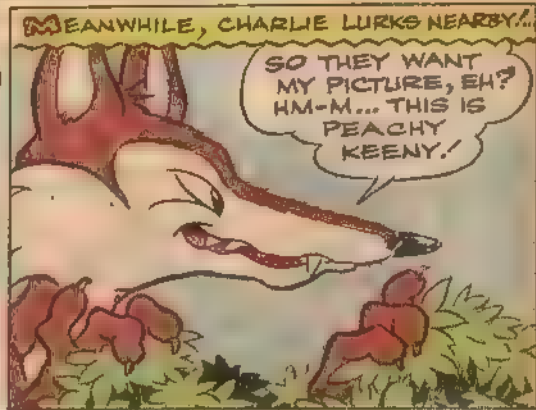
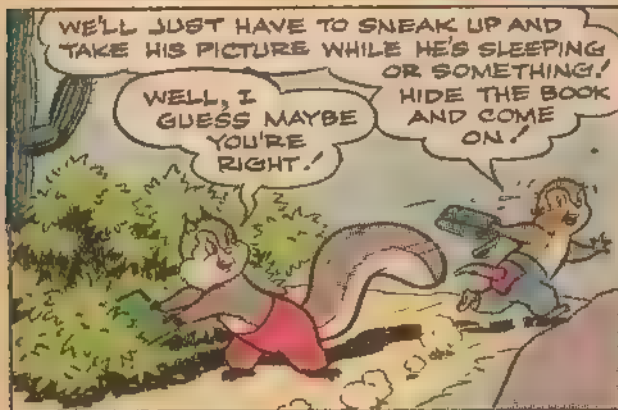
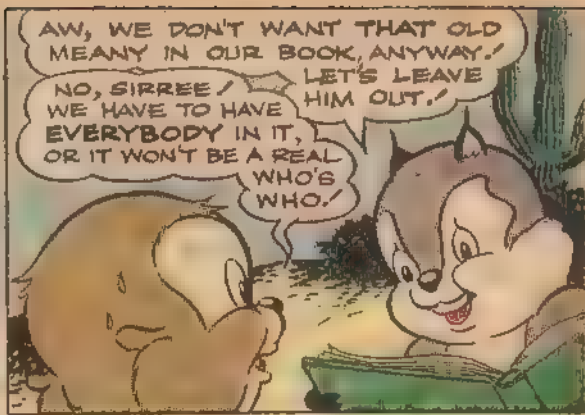
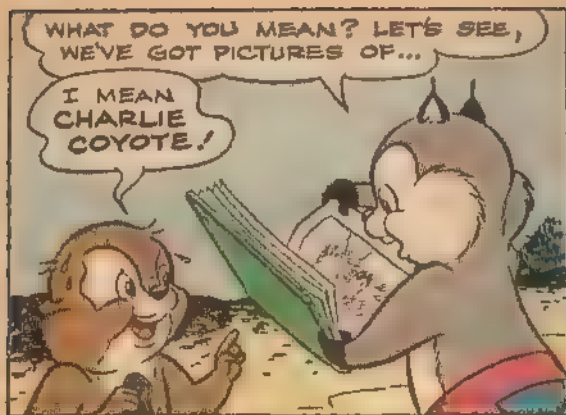
IT DEVELOPS
THE PHOTO
RIGHT
INSIDE!
SEE?
HERE'S
YOURS!

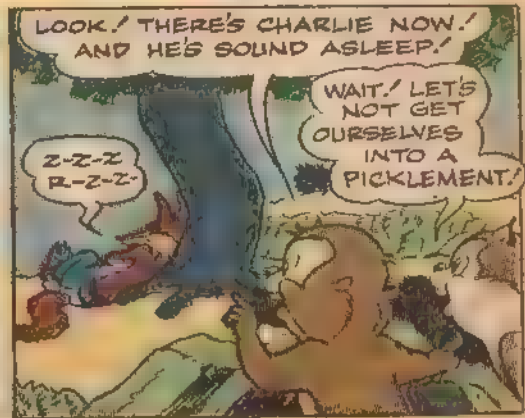
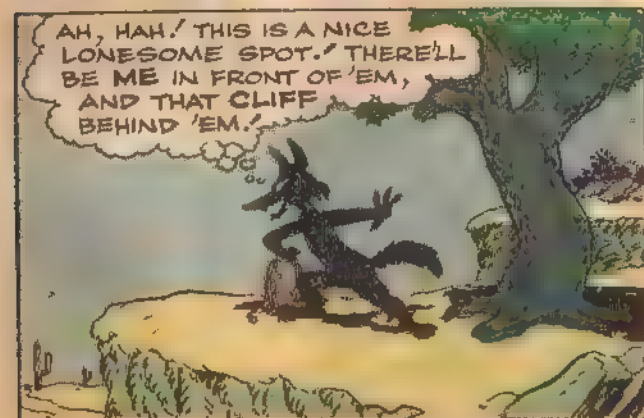
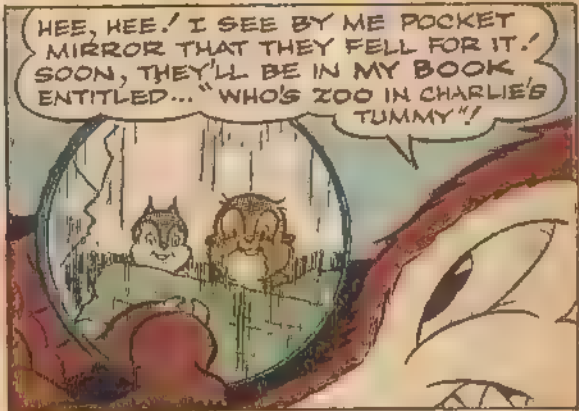
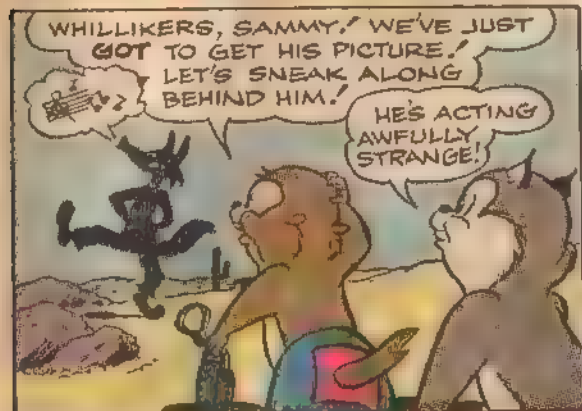
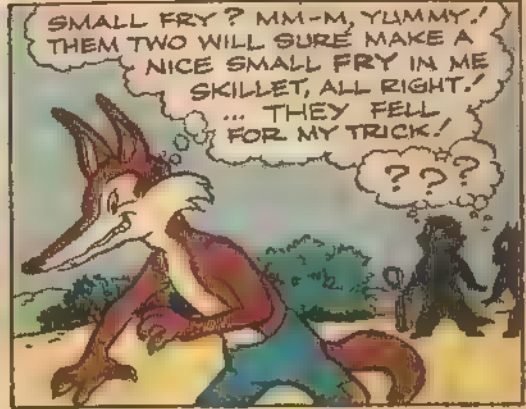
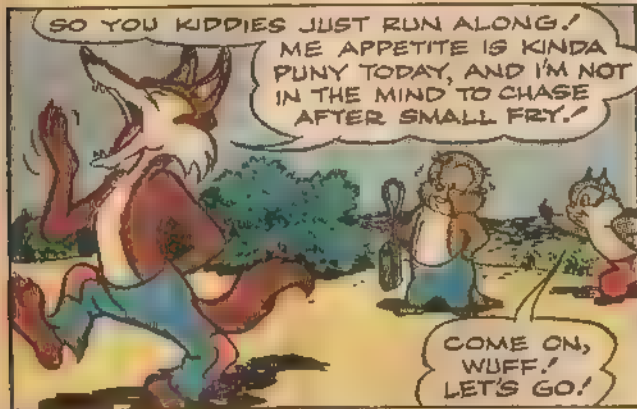
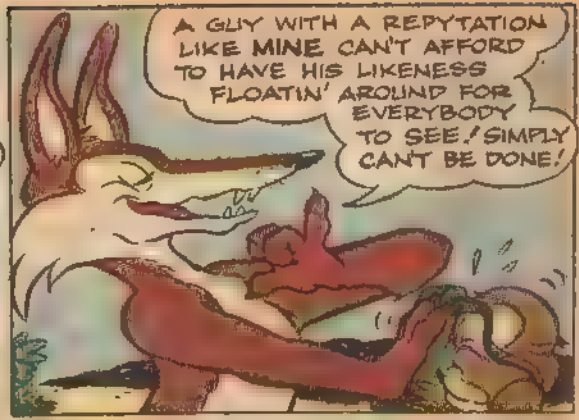
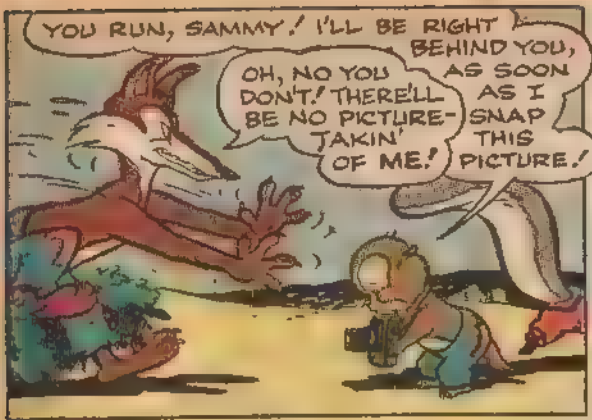
I'LL SURE BE WAITING
TO SEE IT IN PRINT!
GOOD LUCK!

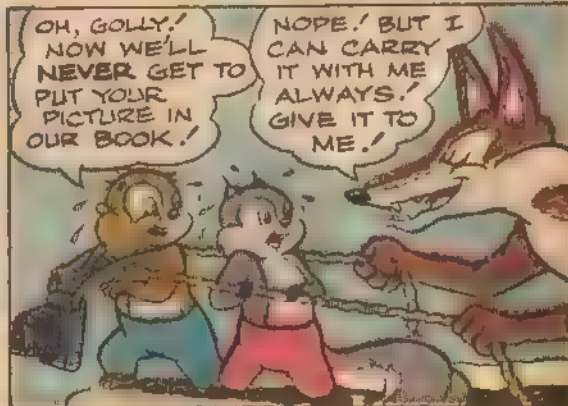
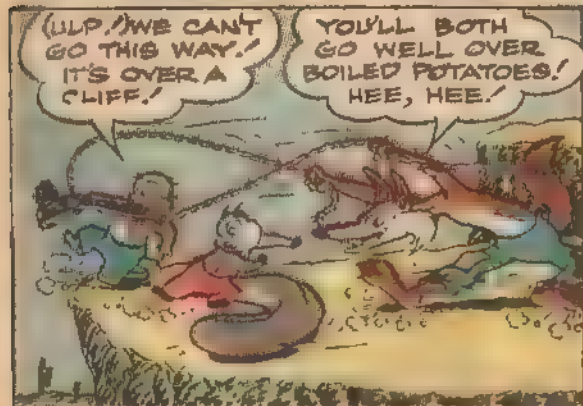
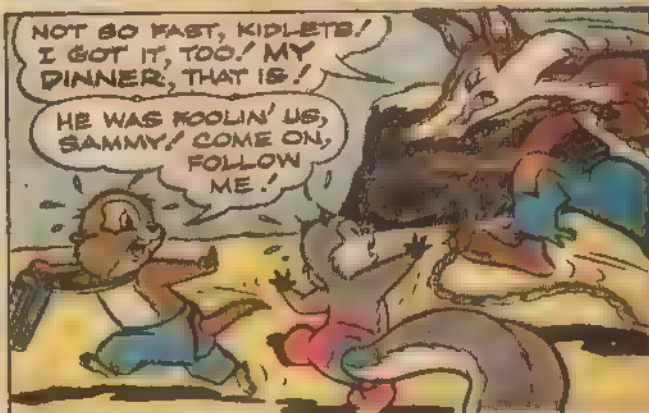
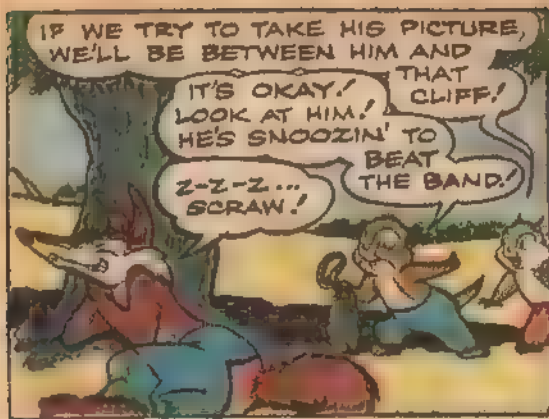
THAT'S RIGHT,
WUFF! WITH
LEM'S PICTURE,
THAT MEANS
WE'VE GOT
EVERYBODY!

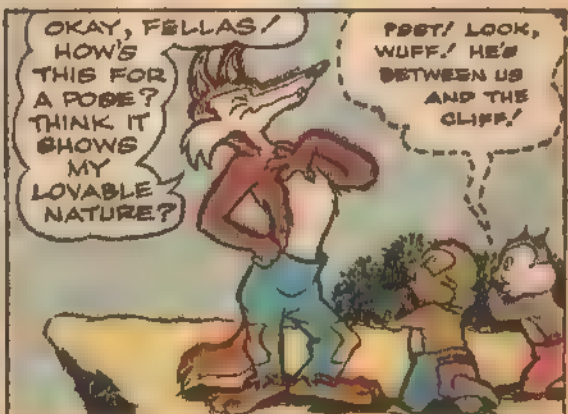
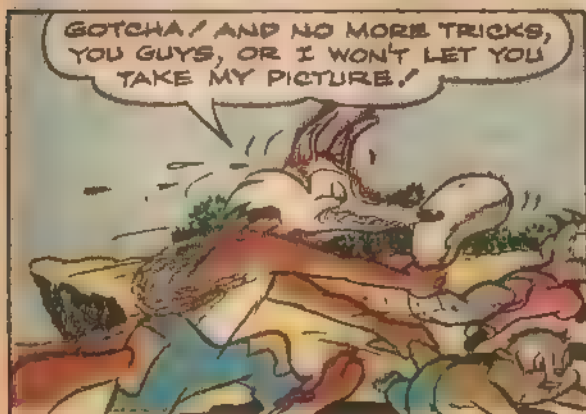
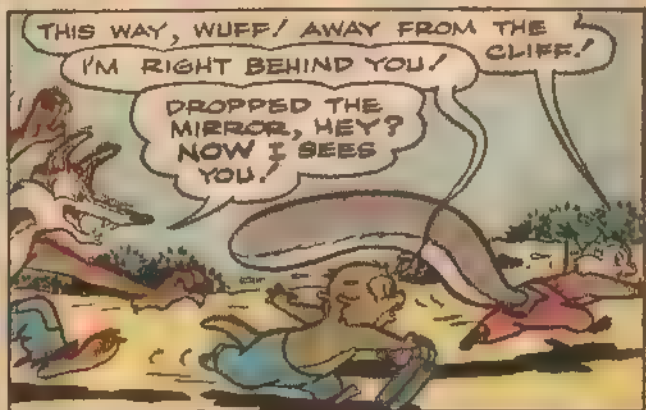
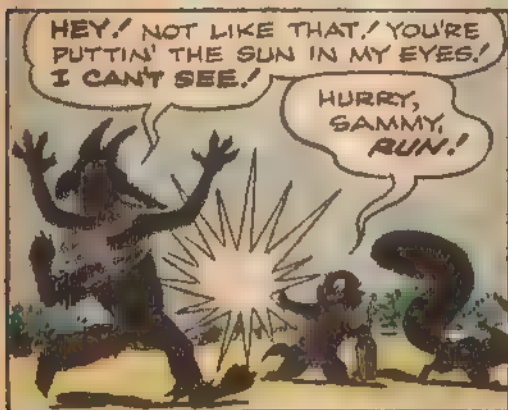
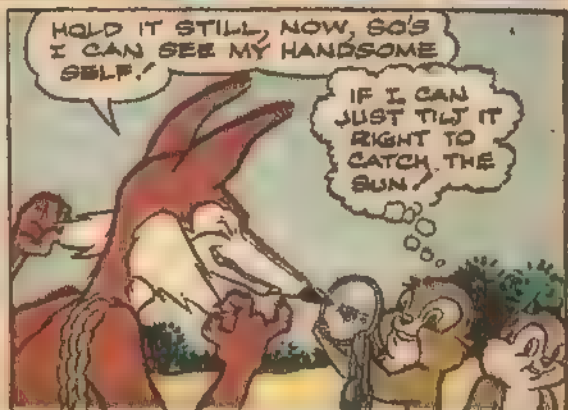
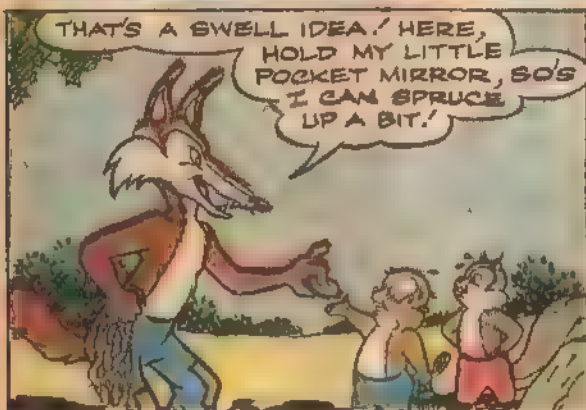
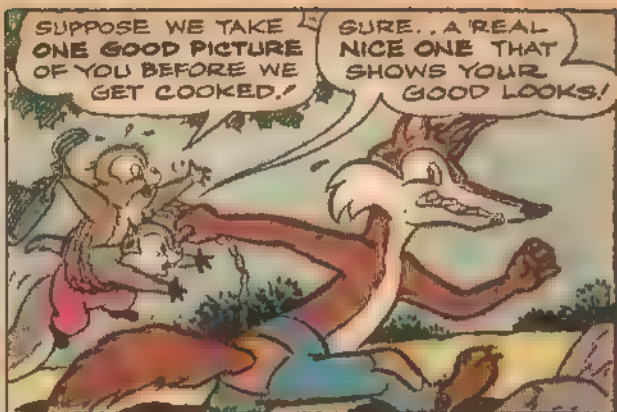
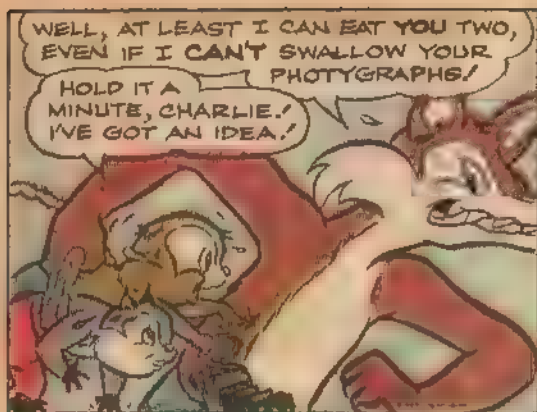
NOW WE CAN TAKE IT TO THE
OH GOLLY, SAMMY! PRINTERS!
NO, WE CAN'T! THERE'S
ONE PICTURE
WE DIDN'T
GET!

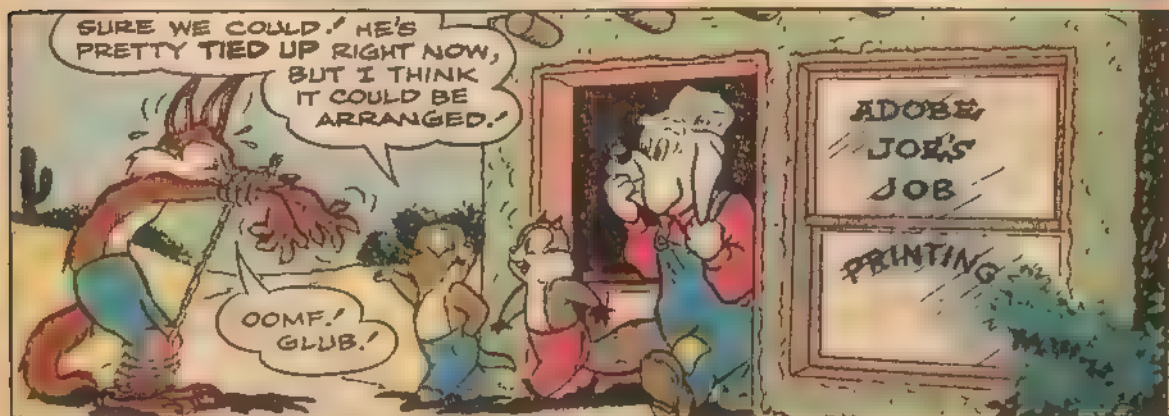
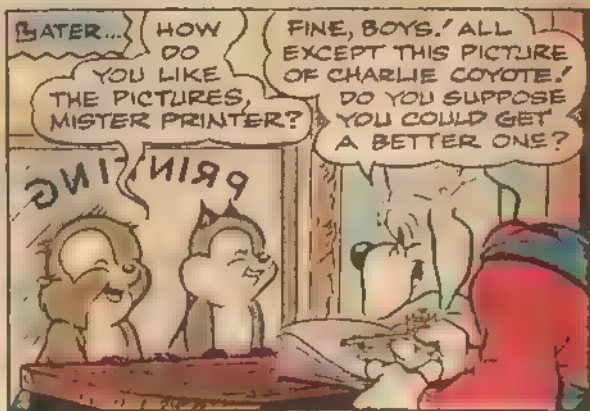
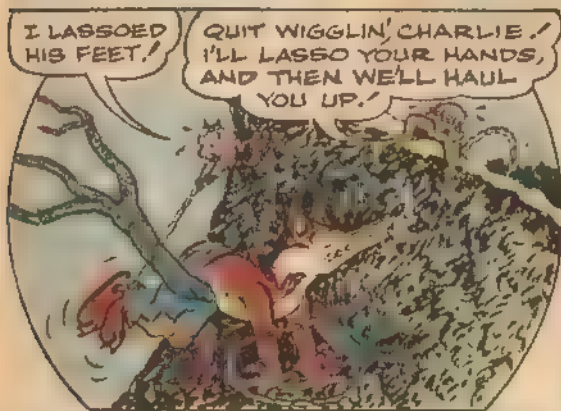
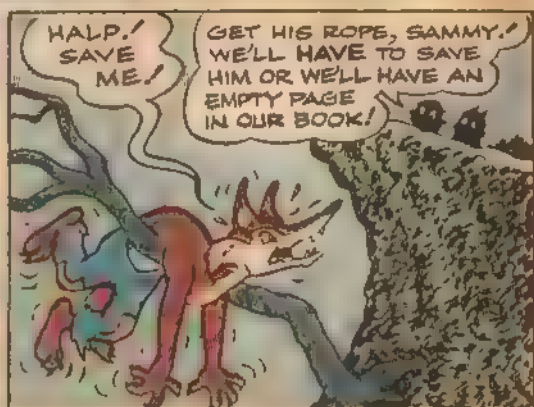
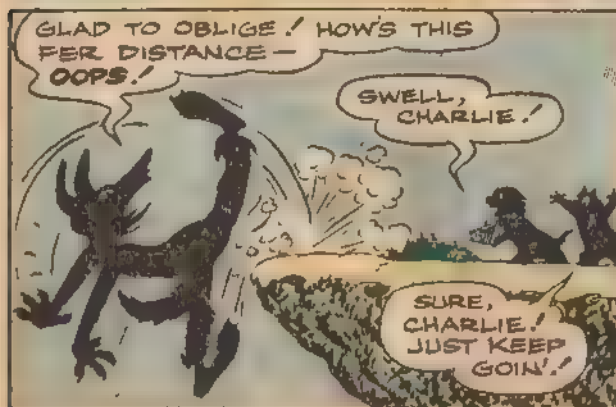
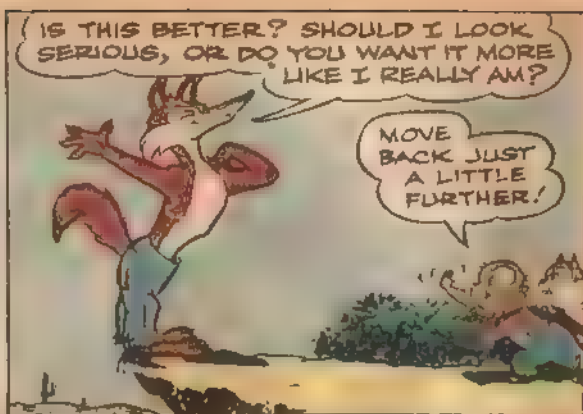
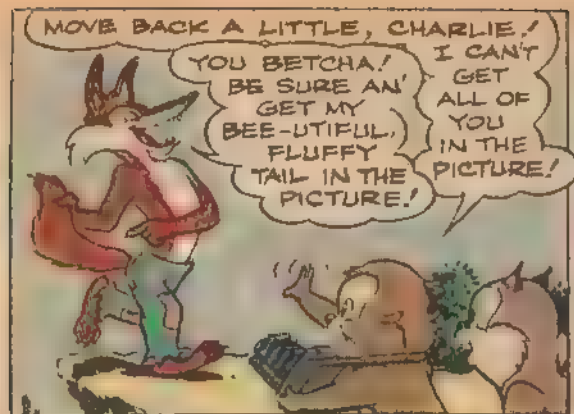
COME ON!









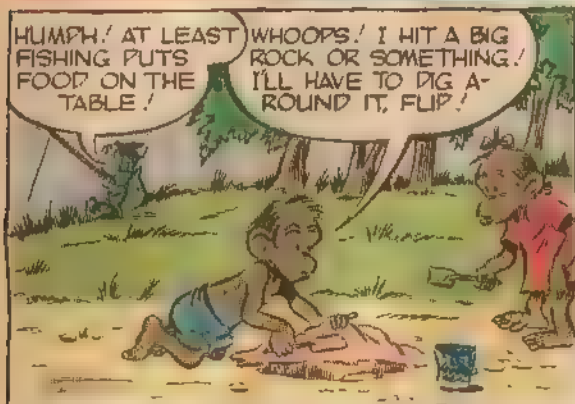


FLIP 'N' DIP

PLANNED BY
WESTER, PRINTING & THE CO.

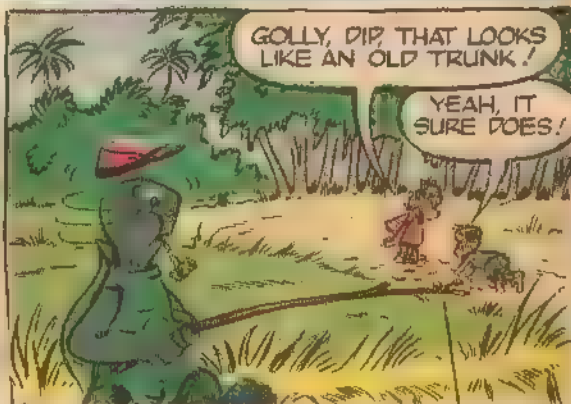
I DON'T SEE WHAT FUN YOU
KIDS GET OUT OF WASTING
YOUR TIME PLAYING IN THAT
SAND!

WE LIKE TO DO THIS
JUST LIKE YOU EN-
JOY FISHING MR.
TURTLE!



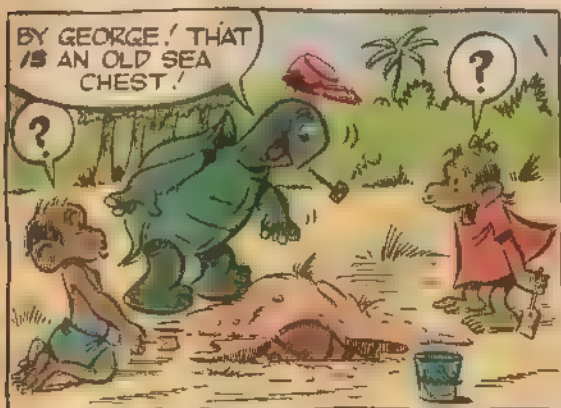
HUMPH! AT LEAST
FISHING PUTS
FOOD ON THE
TABLE!

WHOOPS! I HIT A BIG
ROCK OR SOMETHING!
I'LL HAVE TO DIG A-
ROUND IT, FLIP!



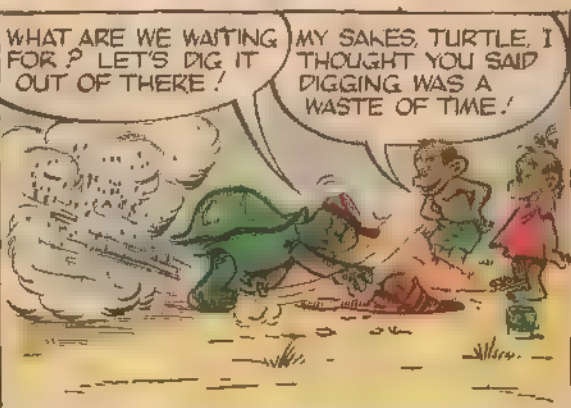
GOLLY, DIP THAT LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD TRUNK!

YEAH, IT
SURE DOES!



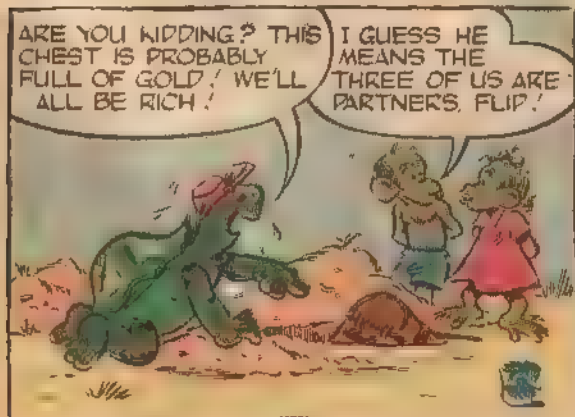
BY GEORGE! THAT
IS AN OLD SEA
CHEST!

?



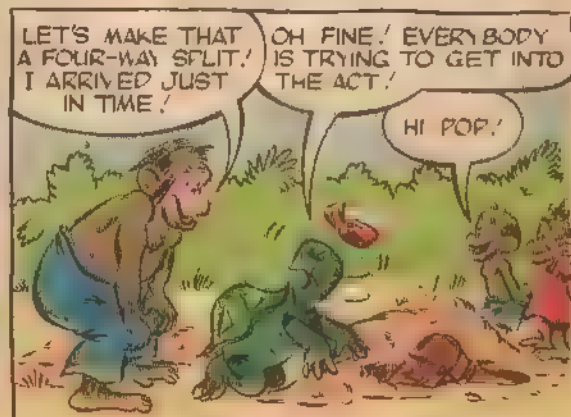
WHAT ARE WE WAITING
FOR? LET'S DIG IT
OUT OF THERE!

MY SAKES, TURTLE, I
THOUGHT YOU SAID
DIGGING WAS A
WASTE OF TIME!



ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS
CHEST IS PROBABLY
FULL OF GOLD! WE'LL
ALL BE RICH!

I GUESS HE
MEANS THE
THREE OF US ARE
PARTNERS, FLIP!



LET'S MAKE THAT
A FOUR-WAY SPLIT!
I ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME!

OH FINE! EVERYBODY
IS TRYING TO GET INTO
THE ACT!

HI POP!

M.G.M. CARTOONS

Present

BARNEY BEAR

AND

BENNY BURRO

BARNEY,
I'M WORRIED
ABOUT OL'
MOOSEFACE! HE
NEVER TAKES ANY
EXERCISE!

TROUBLE IS,
BENNY, HE'S
ALLERGIC TO
WORK!

WELL, MAYBE WE COULD
GET HIM TO GO IN FOR
SOME KIND OF
SPORT!

MAYBE, BUT
HE WOULDN'T
TRY ANYTHING
STRENUOUS!

HERE'S A GAME
THAT WON'T OVERTAX
HIS STRENGTH!

HEY, MOOSEFACE! HOW
ABOUT JOININ' ME IN
A LITTLE CROQUET?

HUH?

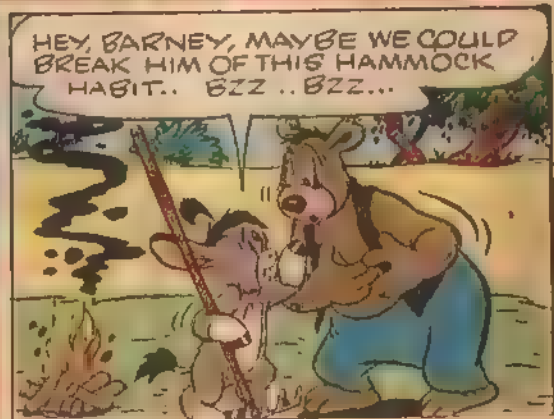
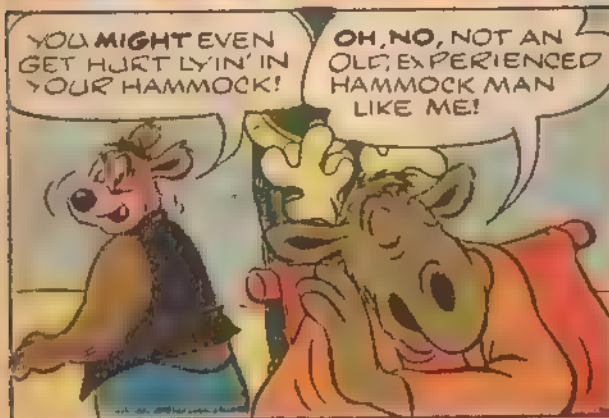
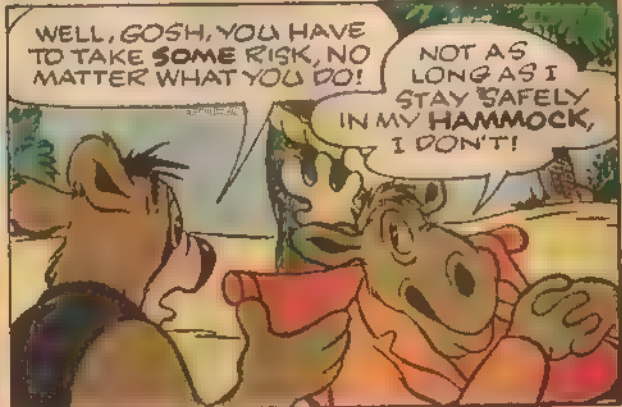
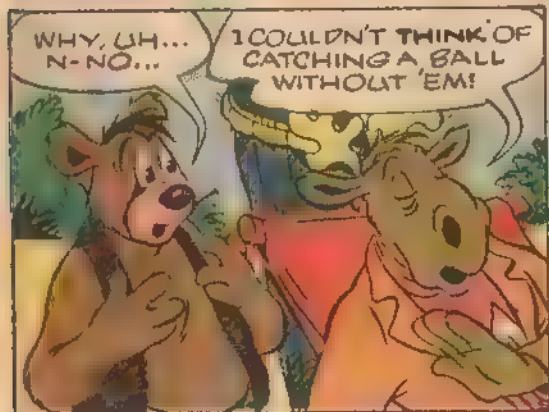
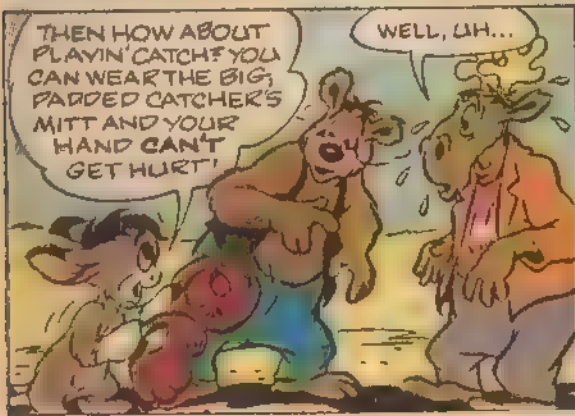
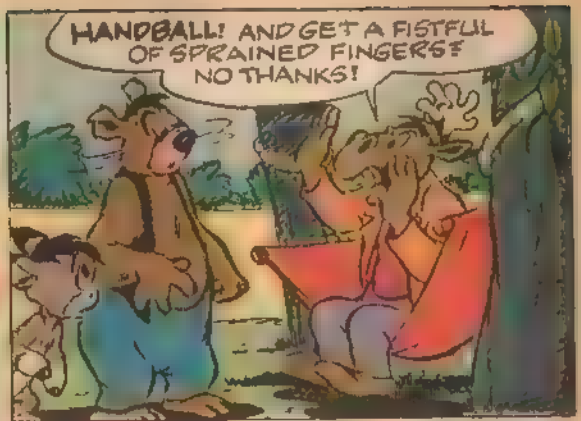
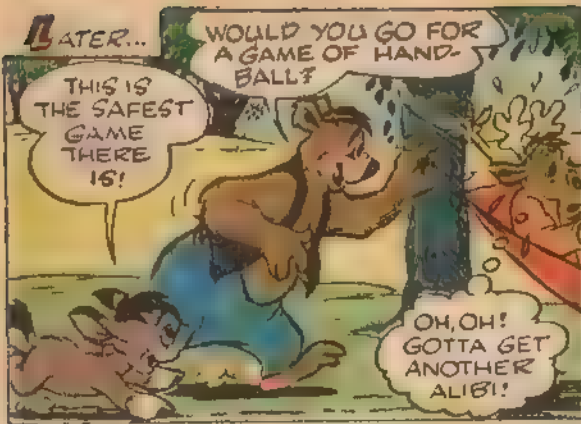
CROQUET? DO YA THINK
I WANT TO GET MYSELF
KILLED?

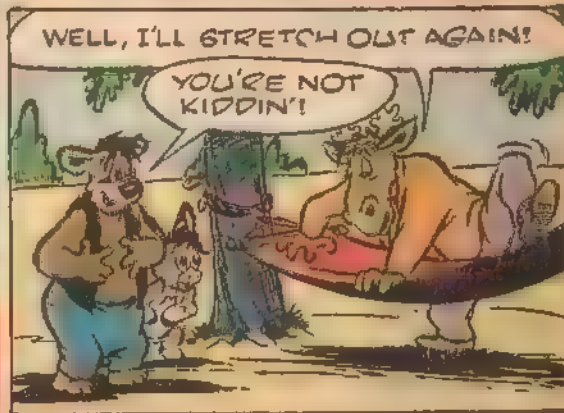
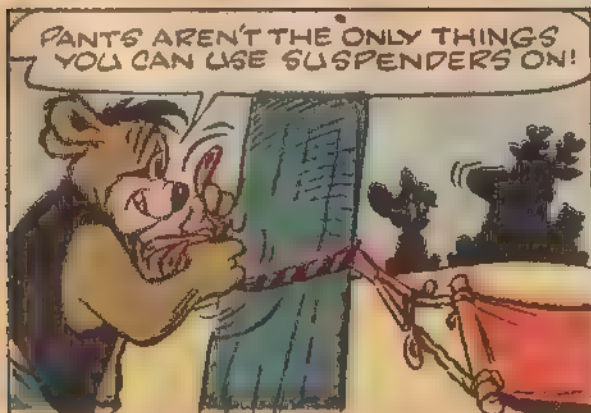
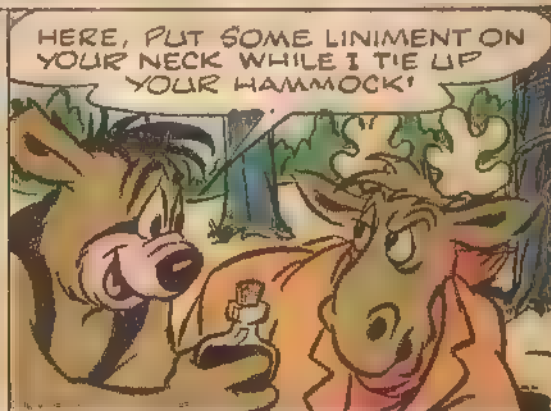
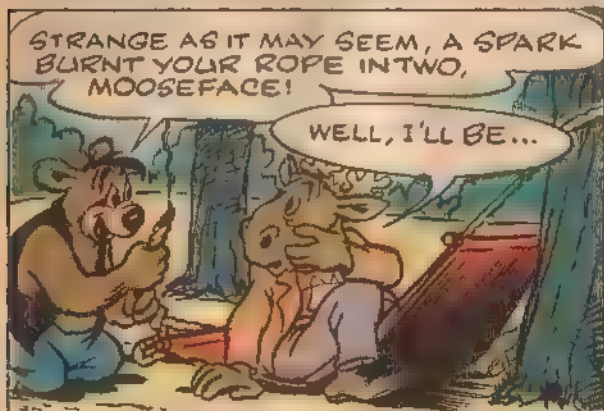
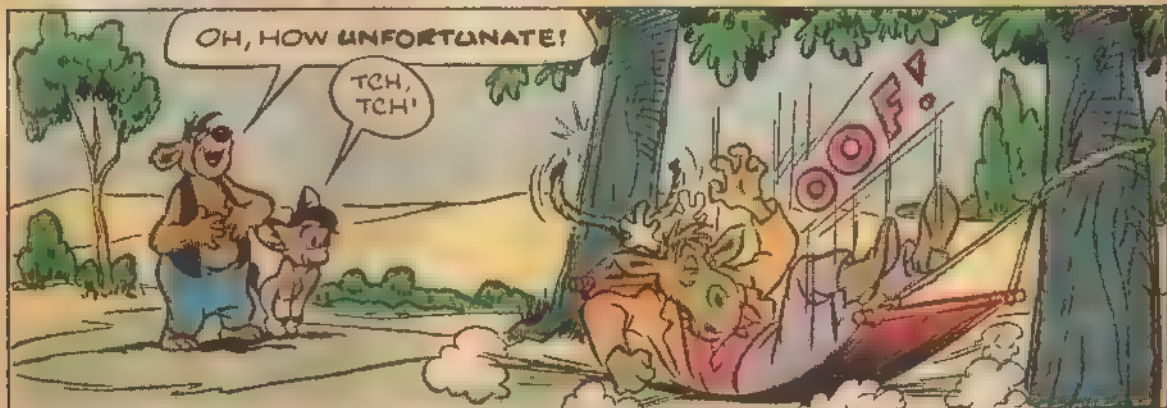
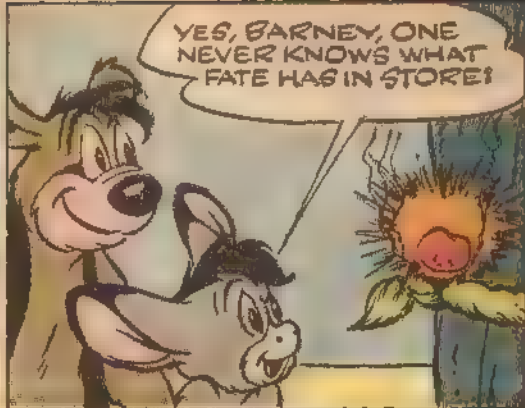
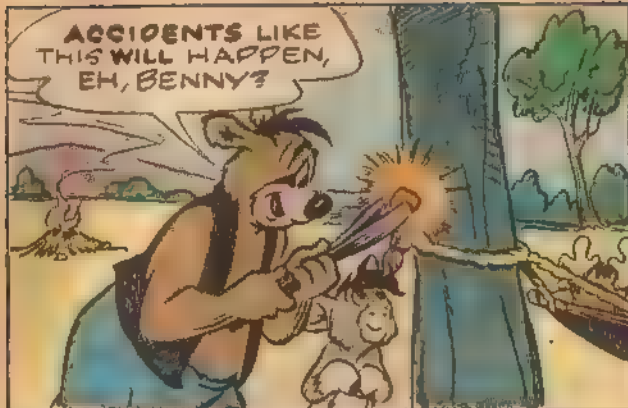
WHY, THE HEAD OF THAT Mallet
COULD FLY OFF AN' HIT ME
BETWEEN THE ANTLERS
AND...

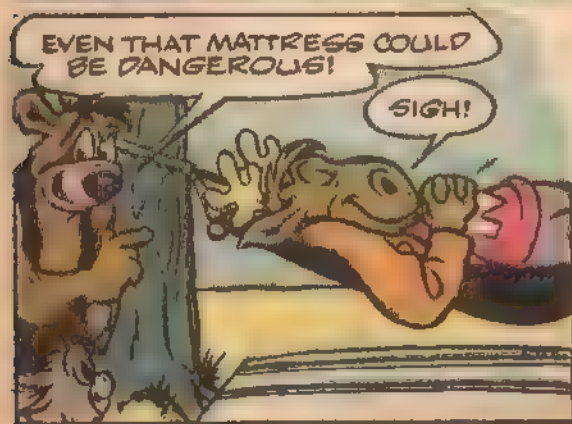
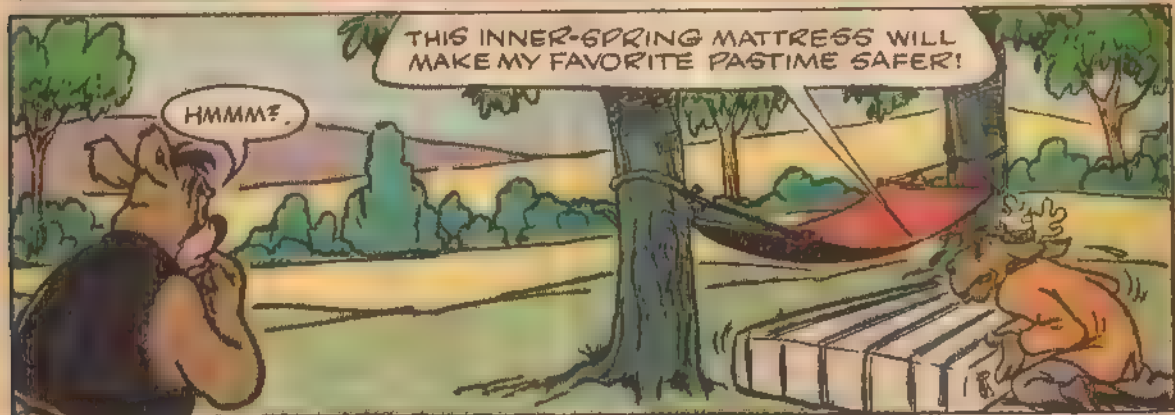
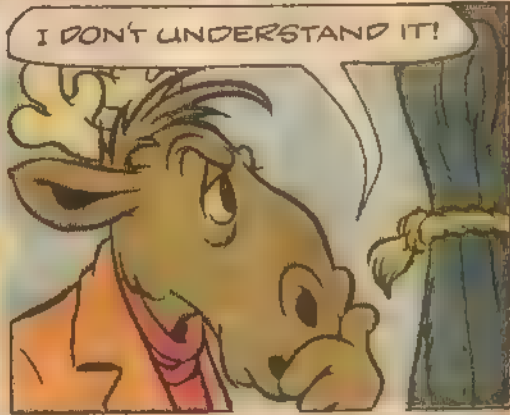
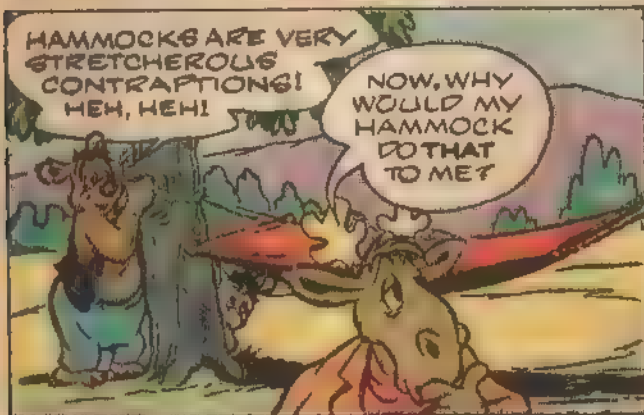
WHAT SORT OF A DAREDEVIL DO YOU
THINK I AM, ANYWAY?

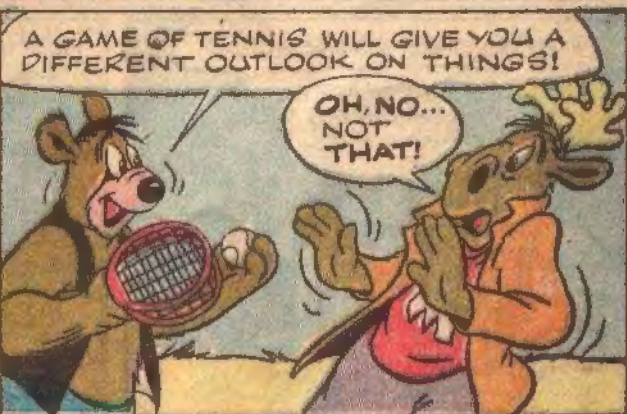
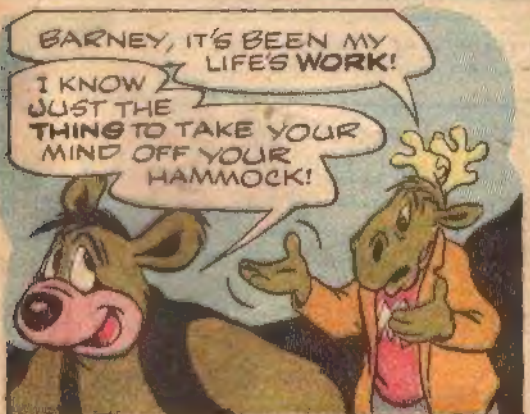
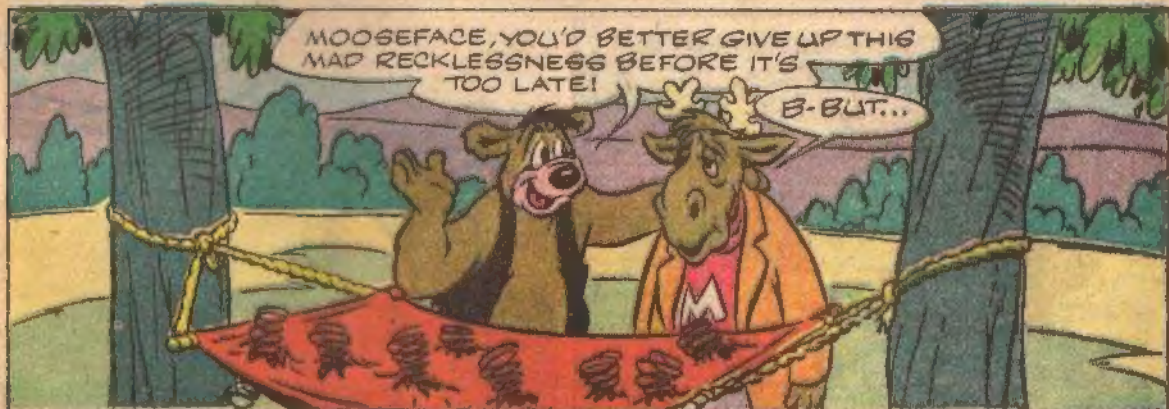
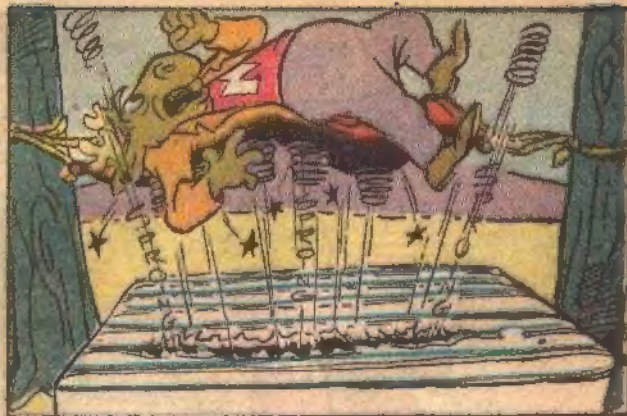
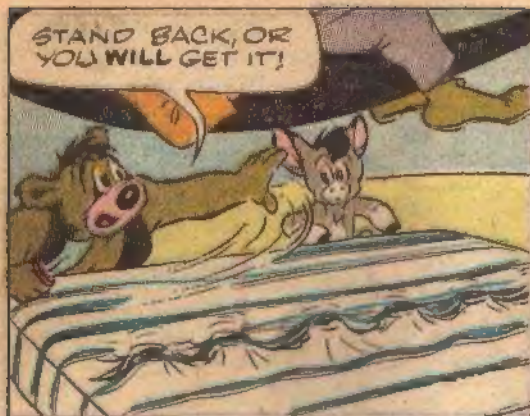
WRONG
KIND OF
GAME, I
GUESS!

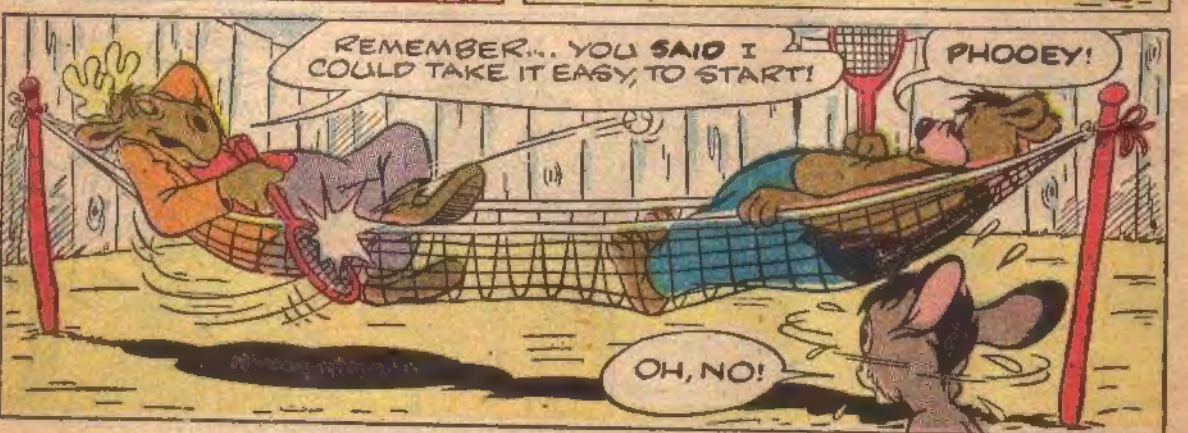
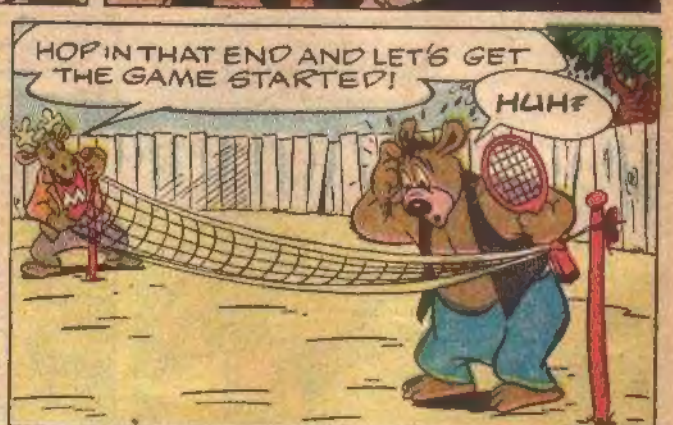
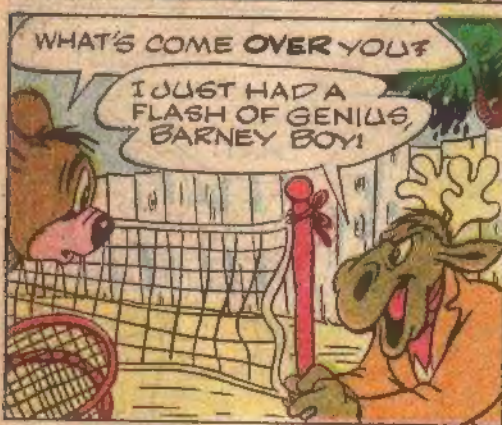
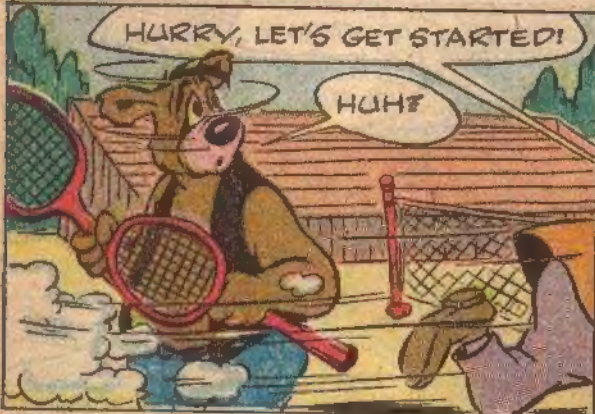
WE HAVE
TO THINK OF
SOMETHING REAL
SAFE FOR HIM!



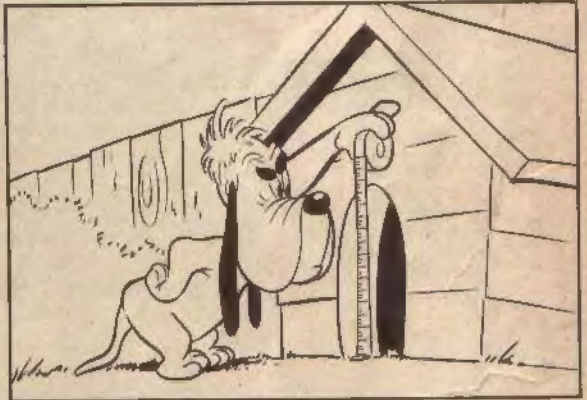
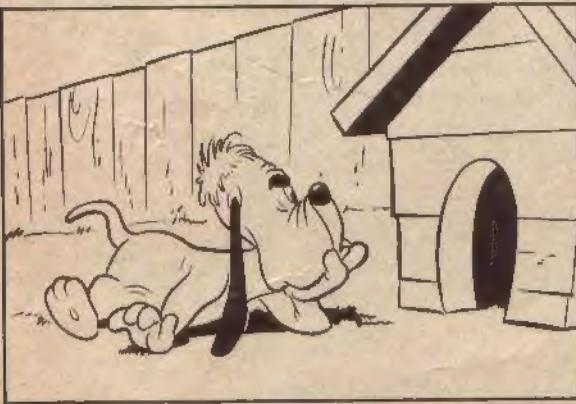
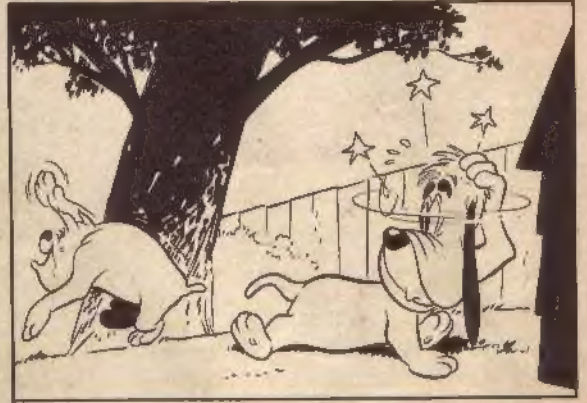
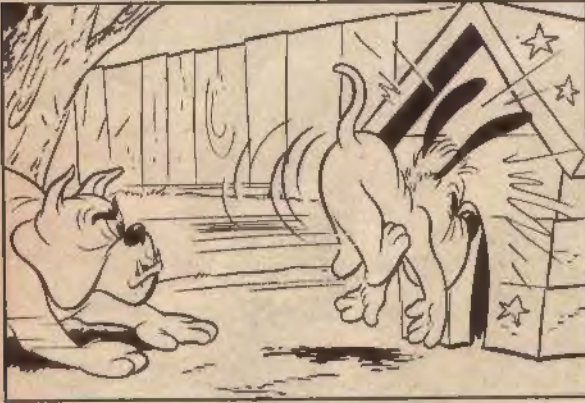
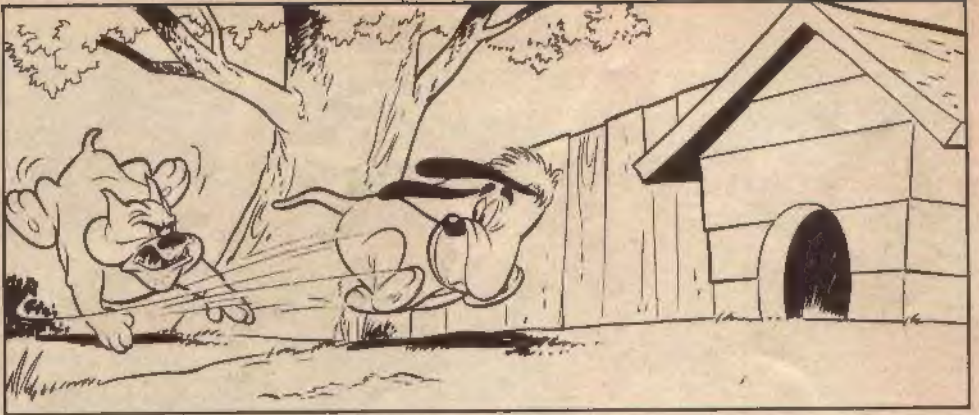








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AGE 9



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AGE 8



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